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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A Non-Social Process

IT is a curious thing that a pioneer civilization and a highly mechanized society alike offer resistance to reading. Whereas in the one the physical hardship, fatigue, and general isolation of frontier life operate to make opportunity and leisure for books scant, in the other the high development of socialized amusements made possible through the appliances of science tends to substitute group entertainment for the diversion of reading. In competition with the theatre, the movie, the radio, the automobile, bridge, and the newest pastime of all, Tom Thumb golf, books apparently are hardly in the running. More especially among the more favored classes where mechanical devices have freed the time of the women from household duties and permitted to the family the ease of locomotion bestowed by possession of an automobile, has reading apparently suffered a decline in recent years. As Mr. James Truslow Adams a short time ago set forth in a newspaper article, the center of family life has shifted from the home to the world outside its walls. No longer does the student lamp shed its ray over parents and children gathered about the table, each with his or her book. Instead Mary and John are at the movies, or dancing at a night club, while their father and mother are motoring to a near by suburb for a game of bridge.

"Reading," writes Mr. R. L. Duffus in his recently published "Books,"* a volume embodying the results of an investigation into the publication and distribution of books, undertaken by him at the behest of the Carnegie Corporation, "reading is social. And with our life becoming more and more socialized, reading, too, must be socialized if it is to keep up. It must break down loneliness. It must induce an intelligent and beautiful kind of group consciousness. . . . The reading of books has lost ground relatively because it has failed in this very respect." And Mr. Duffus proceeds to lament the passing of the old-time literary society, reading club, or fireside reading circle, which by making reading a social undertaking roused a group interest in it.

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Now we do not believe that even could Mr. Duffus restore his reading circle would he have at all advanced the dissemination of books. The bygone club has been more than replaced as a stimulant of interest by radio talks on books, by the increased amount of space given to news and reviews of books in the monthly magazines and daily papers, and by the popularity of the author as a lecturer. Nor do we believe that the socialization which he suggests—adjustment of a book to group taste through a study of consumer interest—is a panacea for the ill he would correct. To us, it seems, that the approach to reading must always be through the individual, else you make instead of booklovers merely occasional readers.

For reading is primarily a non-social process, and only in the sense that between all lovers of literature exists a common bond of interest, and, it goes without saying, through the educative and propulsive force of ideas as they are enshrined in literature, can it be considered a social one. In its essence it is solitary. You make your booklover and your reader when you have proved to him that in default of social diversions he can live quite happily without them by reason of books. You make him when you so stimulate his imagination by a book that he will go out in search of another. You make him, not when you ferret out the taste he has in common with the group that may demand reading for strictly practical ends, but when you draw him out of the concerns that infest his thought. And the only way we can see to do that is to make good books so plentiful, so cheap, and so easy of access that he will stumble into reading instead of being driven into it, and so come quite unexpectedly into a kingdom of delight. But now we suppose we have completely begged the question.

* BOOKS: THEIR PLACE IN A DEMOCRACY. By R. L. DUFFUS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $2.

May You Go Safe

(On the death of a Muhammedan friend)

By LORD DUNSANY

MAY you go safe, my friend, across that dizzy way
No wider than a hair, by which your people go
From Earth to Paradise; may you go safe today
With stars and space above, and time and stars below.

And at the further end may you not fail to reach
All that you hoped to find upon the other shore,
Where the long centuries go curving up the beach
And foam away and cease, and there is time no more.

And if, from some small door behind our Heaven, should stray
A weedy path, from which the orthodox refrain,
Round to your Paradise, I'll seek it out one day,
And sit and hear you tell rare Indian tales again.

This Week

"The Life of Sir Walter Scott."
Reviewed by FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

"Builders of the Bay Colony."
Reviewed by RANDOLPH G. ADAMS.

"The New Evolution."
Reviewed by EDWARD H. BERRY.

"Enfants Terribles."
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

"Christine and Other Stories."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"Rhododendron Pie."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"Captured."
Reviewed by EMERSON TAYLOR.

Twenty-Five Acres of Trees.
By GERALD STANLEY LEE.

"Krupp."
Reviewed by G. HIRSCHFELD.

"Graphology."
Reviewed by FRANK N. FREEMAN.

"Balzac: The Man and the Lover."
Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN.

Next Week, or Later

Canada Dry.
By CHRISTOPHER WARD.

The New Critic

By ANDREW CORRY

ONE of the pleasures of reading is the unexpected light that one idea suddenly throws upon another, related to it by the slenderest bonds of association or analogy. For example, the history of the dinosaurs furnishes an admirable commentary on the history of our nineteenth century civilization. The great horned and armored monsters called ceratopsians (they would have been city dwellers, for they were happiest and safest when seated) developed from a stock of little armorial pretension. Their enemies found out their vulnerable parts one by one, until they complicated their structure by an enormous suit of armor. As their stock became weaker, less vital, less able to fend off attacks from within and without by the ordinary defenses which animals use, they added more and more plates and scutes. They moved as little as they could, for they groaned under the weight of a castle; and their armor as racial old age came upon them grew more cumbersome with the additions which successive generations put upon it. We can date them by these gerontic accretions much as the expert dates an ancient castle. The example they enforce upon us is amply borne out by the animal world: the old and decadent perish by their over-specialization, their over-organization.

The particular scheme of society which the nineteenth century devised has been over-organized also. Capitalism has been succeeded by super-capitalism. Industrialism has been succeeded by super-industrialism, until finally we have our age of Standardization. The nineteenth century organization can scarcely go farther. Weaknesses discover themselves day by day in the structure; it has been found insufficient as a scheme of living. These signs of incipient decay are significant to us. The nineteenth, most highly organized of centuries, is drawing to a close.

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One of the least ambitious definitions of a critic might be this, that he is a man who occupies a position in time and in space. The mere fact of occupying a position implies taking a stand, implies criticism. For the moment, the important thing to us is not what he stands for, but that he stands: a man aware of the existence of events in time and space and interested enough in them to attempt an analysis of them. This, it seems to me, is a *sine qua non* of criticism. And this notion of criticism is my justification for the short view of a waning world in my introductory sentences.

The Organic Theory of society has introduced confusion into generalizations we make about the group of human institutions called civilization. We are constantly betrayed into a kind of pathetic fallacy, so that some are never satisfied until they have descried "grinning gargoyles" in Bach's thrills, "nervous activity" in a master's prose, "human aspirations" in the lean lines of a skyscraper, or a "pathological organism" in our social body. Perhaps I may be accused of this esthetic impurity in my treatment of the nineteenth century. While it may be doubted that epoch is like a dinosaur, it has had life enough to leave us an inheritance. That inheritance is the chief event of our times.

What does it contain? To sum up the philosophy of an epoch in an epigram or to exhaust the life of an age in a sentence would be presumptuous and misleading. To generalize is dangerous; yet generalize we must. With these cautions in mind, we take up our modest venture. The inheritance we have from the nineteenth century is "feeling," much of it false (what else does Victorianism mean?), some fine, as Matthew Arnold's. This feeling expressed

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itself in life, and in art aside from life but a part of it. It expressed itself in philosophy as hedonism, in ethics as humanitarianism, in politics as reform; in commerce, the feeling became more self-seeking and imperialism followed. "Fine feeling" covered a multitude of sins, and refinement and respectability took on their present connotations. The practical man was a man of feeling, even his apotheosis the pragmatist. In the arts also there was this blight, with Pre-Raphaelitism, Early Impressionism, "program" music, and "program" painting the expression of it. Steatopygous sculpture and primitivism in painting bear a present witness to the persistence of mere "feeling." In the literary art itself there was the vice of sentimentalism. The boundaries of the arts became blurred. Strange hybrids and curious monsters came from the irregular unions of the Muses. Even the intellectual movements of the time shared in this confusion; science itself, which the nineteenth century took as seriously as it could anything, allowed itself to be betrayed by the passion for "feeling" in this credulous epoch. The result of so much emotionalism could only be superficiality; the man of the hour was a dilettante almost ashamed of a pure interest. In extenuation of this diffusion of activity and diffuseness of thought it was asserted that the complicated nature of modern society forbade a synthesis, precluded understanding, and begged only for sympathy and appreciation. So from the clarities of eighteenth century pre-Rousseau scepticism we come to the vague and complacent ignorance of a credulous and stiff-necked people. It was an age afraid of logical conclusions; it preferred misty agnostical speculations, warmed by the fine feelings.

It is useless, therefore, to expect intelligent guidance from such times. Yet the peculiar gifts of the age were such that we can profit by them. Its inhumanity we can avoid, its humanities we can use with advantage. Genius for the rococo led the people of the age into exploiting ornamentation in the arts. Even their most inept thoughts are sometimes couched in a beautiful form. The haunting cadences of the poetry, for example, almost compensate for the disappointing insignificance of the

remarks scarcely apply. When we call them [illegible] poets we nearly always remark on their timelessness, which I here take to be a covert recognition that they far transcend their times. Be that as it may, we have much to thank the men of those days for, and for nothing more than an exact ear for harmonies and a careful eye for line and color.

It is only to be expected that the esthetic critic of the time suffered much in and from the ruck of emotionalism and the confusion of the arts. For criticism never goes on *in vacuo*, as we have said, but in time and space.

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Up to this point we have concerned ourselves mainly with the immediate past. A short sketch of the time and space has been made to furnish a background for our consideration of the critic. The critic, as we have said, is a man who occupies a position in time and in space. The later development of our thoughts suggests that this definition is not quite enough. It is the beginning and not the end of a definition. Ideally perhaps the critic satisfies the needs of his own mind by standing firm. His stability has social implications, however; in a world of fluxion, of incessant movement, his stability is a challenge to all, an enigma to many, an irritation to a few. He is called upon for his apology, and he must respond with a statement of the faith that is in him. Why has he chosen to stand firm, and why in his particular position? What he stands for has now become as important to us as the fact that he stands.

A certain point of view has become clearer as this definition has been unfolded. The critic is more than a mere analyst registering the impact of one fact upon another. He is a judge who discards irrelevancies from the facts he has analyzed, and synthesizes those remaining into a canon by means of which he makes judgments. These judgments are expressed sometimes, implied always, by his stand. How does this Daniel come to judgment?

If we take esthetic criticism as an example, the approach may be in one of these three ways perhaps; first, the evaluation of the intrinsic esthetic significance of the artist's work—this of course implies a norm, either objective or else subjective; secondly, the interpretation of the work of art in terms of the history or life of the artist—this is a non-committal historical method which assumes very little but intelligence in the critic; thirdly, the reproduction of the emotions produced in the critic by the work of art—this is the "appreciative" method proper, and implies nothing or everything.

The main objection to the last method is that it puts the critic first, the work of art second. From one point of view we may say that it develops a "sensitive plant" into a sensitive plate. Criticism becomes a branch of bio-chemistry, since the critic contents himself by stating the responses which the work of art as a stimulus evoked from him. If we accept this as a valid method of criticism we are led into confused ways; thus, to take an extreme example but not an uncommon one, the music critic may produce what appears to be a rhapsody on a country ramble for a criticism of a Beethoven symphony, or a treatise on mechanics for a criticism of Bartok's music. This kind of thing in the hands of an artist like Coleridge may lead, as Professor Lowes made clear in a brilliant book, to another work of art; as criticism it usually leads nowhere. We resent a preface which obscures what it is supposed to introduce; how could we applaud the critic who obscures the art which he proposes to make clear, to interpret? One is apt to suspect the critic who writes so that, when his book is closed, one exclaims, "What an interesting man Critic is!" Such a man is often called by his friends a popularizer, by his enemies more justly an exploiter.

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The Victorians tried to make Sir Henry Irving an exploiter of dramatic emotion; how he resented this degradation of his rôle as interpreter has been lately touched on by M. Gordon Craig; in our more enlightened days we of the public acquiesce in Irving's resentment because we possess more knowledge and appreciation of the drama than Victorian audiences did. But our esthetic appreciation in at least one other art is defective and faulty today, for the "star system" is acknowledged to be the blight of the New York operatic stage. (This raises a question, did an

well to the vexed question of the movies and the talkies.) The critic who employs the "appreciative" method is of little service since he only flatters the desperate sickness of artist and public. He defends himself by saying that he holds no brief for anyone but meets everyone on his own ground. His generous communion with sick and well alike should make him suspected; his bedside manner may be ingratiating but it inspires little confidence. He cries "No Panaceas" when he means "No Cures."

The "sensitive plate" critic, then, is unsound; his method implies nothing. But the appreciative critic may be a man of genius whose outpourings imply everything: Goethe comes to mind at once. How can a genius be hedged about by rules? Yet the workings of his intelligence are not anarchical. His thoughts leap from apprehension to comprehension with molecular velocity. He penetrates crannies closed to grosser intelligences. He crystallizes in an apt allusion a shelfload of learning and insight. We can trace the fiery path his thoughts pursue and marvel at the explosive revelation where they strike. But this electrical display, vivid and humbling, is also amenable to order. The genius is the fulfilment of our nature, not its contradiction. How does the work of art appear when it is lighted by his fiery flashes? It is seen resolved into its parts. But because we see it by parts through the eyes of the genius we need not imagine he sees it in that way. His impressions are conclusions, the results of analysis and synthesis; his nimbleness has often been the undoing of the dull plodder who limps after him. Not every mind can go steeple-chasing with the best.

Despair at following the horn of genius, and disgust with the poor hunting furnished by a skittish impressionist has turned many a good hunter off the case altogether. He tries his hand at the second method of approach, the historian's. He sets forth the development of the art as it is illustrated in the history of the artist. Considered objectively, this is a rationalization of the appreciative method, since it assumes "whatever is, is right" in the artist's work, and it seeks to make that work understandable by tracing its development from his earlier work. It is an evolutionary method. Its great merit on the intellectual side is in its amenability to review and analysis; its validity depends upon the competence of the critic's scholarship; its merit on the esthetic side lies in its emphasis on the craftsmanship of the artist. While the purely appreciative critic tends to regard art as a miracle, the historian-critic has an eye to art as a technique. He is concerned with the manner, but of the matter of the art he has little to say. The historian-critic generally waives aside questions of the "matter" of art with the assertion that he has no desire as a craftsmanship-critic to speak of what he may call "the literary content"; this opinion seems to some of us at least as too high, too rigorous, evasive. His method shares the weakness of any view that movement of every sort is progressive. Evolution may lead to what we call progress or to what we call degeneration. The historian-critic either assumes the progress or ignores the issue altogether.

The first method of approach is the evaluation of the intrinsic esthetic significance of the artist's work. The appraising critic, as we shall call him for convenience, has as his chief interest the work of art and not himself, thus turning from the appreciative critic's approach at once. With the historian-critic he sees that art is not a miracle but belongs in an order of natural events, that it has been influenced by many things in the life of the artist. He insists, moreover, upon the manifold influences of a world outside the artist upon the art, and here he turns away from the historian-critic's approach, for he does not look upon the work of each single artist as a unique development, multiplied in many parallel lines: he sees the work of many professors of an art together, and compares them. From his comparisons he makes conclusions not about artists but about art; and these conclusions serve him for a norm, or a body of canons, in criticism.

The mere mention of canons of criticism is likely to provoke an indignant chorus today; although we live in what has been termed an Age of Standardization, we are impatient of standards when standards imply authority. It is therefore with some trepidation I assert that good taste is destroyed by this go-as-you-please philosophy, and that our friends are mistaking rules for tabus. It may be said by some that we would make art a slave to the laboratory, [illegible] would be rules of thumb and esthetic

of emotionalists and the dusty researches of historical grubs that leads us to our conception of the work of the critic as fair understanding and discriminating appraisal, with reference to art and the artist in time and space.

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There are certain difficulties which strike the reader when he considers the critic as an appraiser. The first is, whether the standards he judges by are subjective or objective? This may be answered briefly by saying that they should appear to the critic as objective norms; otherwise his criticism soon breaks down into one of the two incomplete methods. Then, it may be objected, shall the critic accept the norms which the classical critics have discovered; shall criticism be conducted by a code while the critic finds a precedent to cover the case in hand? To the last part of the objection we return an unqualified No; the first part of the objection ignores an important consideration. The classical criticism really consists of two categories of canons, it seems to me: the purely technical, such as the canon on the dramatic unities, which obviously apply to special cases and are not relevant to art forms outside the province of the special cases; and the more general or esthetic, such as strength, grace, clarity, economy, and the like, which apply to art forms of any kind.

It is the critic's work, we hold, to take a general view, to compare the given work of art with others. It would be surprising to discover he must discard the general critical wisdom of the past if he takes a wide comparative view. The validity of his appraisals, we must remember, depends upon their universality. This raises another objection, how can a critic of a national literature, for example, pretend to universality? The nature of the case precludes epicentric criticism, the world considered; he must content himself then with a national, limited view. Admitting for a moment the force of this objection, we point out in reply that in the case given a man on the periphery can see as much as men at the centre. Although his criticism may not be epicentric it need not be eccentric. The objection is a little forced, moreover, it confounds an illustration with a principle, an analogy with a homologue. National boundaries are not so sharply drawn in the arts as

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in politics. While it is not denied that national influences are obvious in a work of art, it is questioned how far they affect the essential artistic qualities. Our appreciation of a painting by an Italian, a play by an Englishman, a poem by a German, need never lead us across frontiers; we look upon these esthetic experiences as the product of the human not the national spirit.

What has the appraising critic to do with the American scene? Why are we to attempt the application of a definition, so tedious of explication, to America seemingly as an afterthought? We have been at great pains to make clear the need for a definition of a critic because we think that the present confusing disharmony of events needs a solution. While the imminent dissolution of our present social scheme may be doubted, its lack of balance is increasingly evident, and the artistic intelligence, naturally more sensitive to the subtle variations in the atmosphere even before their gross manifestations appear so the public may know, betrays its uncertainty in the prodigality of its production and in its unevenness.

We are at an important turning point, molds are broken, questioning is acute; is the critic to be dumb, is he to throw his experience to the winds? Are learning, a love of beauty, and a desire for truth to be thought useless to society? Are our perplexities some new thing, wholly without precedent in human history? Is craftsmanship to become an arcanum, uncriticizable because new, and are blinkers to be tied to the eyes of those who see so that the blind only may lead the blind? Are the art forms to dissolve into an Empedoclean chaos only to recombine as chance may direct? Those are the counsels of confusion. We need to follow them. They are the alternatives to a judicious criticism which, welcoming the new, recognizes the lively seeds of an old and imperishable greatness. This judicious criticism we think is to be expected of the appraising critic whose forerunners have stood at crises before and who have remembered beginnings, how old the new is.

No one supposes that the traditions of the various peoples who form America were fused into a new tradition. A tradition grows, it is not crystallized, nor created by legislative act like the American Constitution. Our traditions no less than our language and, in a broader sense, our laws are a transatlantic heritage. There has been a tendency to look upon the Declaration of Independence as akin to the Descent of the Holy Ghost, bringing new tongues and a new tradition in the twinkling of an eye or the flourish of a signature. While isolation was a possibility a new tradition was a possibility. But whether we like or not, our Laputa has been anchored, just outside the ports of the world. It is conceivable that an internationalism like that of the days of Chaucer and Boccaccio is near at hand, when the commonwealth of the arts at least will become less a phrase, more an actuality.

Criticism in the twentieth century, as we foresee it, will reassert its universality, and art too will concern itself less with the trivial, accental aspects of life. It will concern itself less with the machines men make and more with men, transmuting the mysterious conflicts of personality and character between man and man into the stuff that makes esthetic pleasure a possibility and criticism the happiest exercise of the intelligence.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination for Junior Librarian in Penal and Correctional Institutions. Applications must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than September 9, 1930. The examination is to fill vacancies in Federal penal and correctional institutions throughout the United States, and in positions requiring similar qualifications. The entrance salary is $2,000 a year. Higher-salaried positions are filled through promotion. The duties are to serve as librarian of a Federal penal and correctional institution; e. g., through personal contact with inmates to stimulate and encourage reading for purposes of education and rehabilitation as well as recreation; to aid in the selection of books and other material needed to maintain an adequate collection of standard and current literature for use of adult inmates and staff; to make the collection available through the necessary indexes and catalogues, and to perform related work as required. Competitors will be rated on practical questions pertaining to knowledge of literature for adult readers, library economy, and cataloguing, classification, and bibliography.

Gleaning after Lockhart

THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By Stephen Gwynn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by Frederrick E. Pierce
Yale University

ATHLETES compete only with the living and the young. Even "Queen Helen" in tennis must eventually give some one else a chance. In the world of letters it is not so. The eager young aspirant competes with all the known dead, and can justify his existence only by giving something which they failed to give. Hence, it is with a mingled feeling of modesty and guilt that Mr. Gwynn begins with the sentence: "Some excuse is surely needed for setting out to do once again what has already been done excellently."

I question whether the author did not make a mistake in dwelling mainly on Scott's life and personality, in retouching the noble pictures that Lockhart had already painted so admirably. I should have preferred a study of Scott's relations to the literary currents of his age, a field not yet preëmpted

SIR WALTER SCOTT
From an engraving by Turner from the original picture by Raeburn.

by any Lockhart, a field where there is still a good deal to discover and where there is a mass of ponderous research monographs to be retold in readable forms. Take, for example, the story of the gentleman disturbed at the sight, through a window, of Scott's hurrying hand dashing off page after page of a Waverley novel. We find the account in Lockhart, we find it in Mr. Gwynn, and most of us knew it before we read it there. What is not so generally known, and what Mr. Gwynn does not tell, is the swarm of novels little and great, that leapt into being throughout the civilized world, leapt as if at a magician's call, in the shadow of that hurrying hand. Gogol in Russia, Manzoni in Italy, Hugo in France, Hauff in Germany, Ingermann in Denmark, Cooper in America, and heaven only knows how many more, were to draw inspiration from those hastily written pages.

Yet there is a good deal to praise in Mr. Gwynn's book. It condenses into one moderate sized volume the five big tomes of Lockhart, a godsend even to some of the literary in this hog ridden, hurrying age. It states clearly some matters which were known to Lockhart, but which, for diplomatic reasons, he passed over with veiled allusions. Its new material, though small in amount, is excellent. For example, read page 256 on the many-sidedness of Scott's intellectual powers. The style is not quite so colorful as it might be in presenting a life at once so famous, so upright, and so picturesque; but it is a good, perspicuous, readable style. The criticism on the novels is excellent and rightly maintains that in the best of them Scott is no pseudo-romanticist but a great humanist in the tradition of Shakespeare. The remarks on the poems, though intelligent, seem to me a little too depreciative, for I still maintain that Scott is the greatest battle poet of our language. But then, that is a matter of taste.

There are a few trifling slips, the worst of which is on page 176, where a misquotation turns poetry into nonsense. But in the main the book stands for honest and and intelligent scholarship. In an age which was tending to forget Scott, it reaffirms the enduring greatness of his best work. In a world mad with eagerness to "debunk" historical heroes, it reaffirms the noble character of at least one great man of letters. At a time when the so-called "humanists" are tearing romanticism to tatters, it affirms the perfect union of humanism and romance in "Guy Mannering" and "The Heart of Midlothian." And this author who was generally spoken of by his contemporaries as the "romantic" author *par excellence* is quoted as saying: "Of all schools, commend me to the Stoics."

The Puritan Fathers

BUILDERS OF THE BAY COLONY. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by Randolph G. Adams
William L. Clements Library

AT last a history of early Massachusetts in terms of what the Puritan Fathers thought they were trying to do, instead of what later historians think they ought to have been doing! Here at last is Captain John Smith, hitherto of Virginia fame, rightly set down as a founder of New England. Here is the historical emphasis shifted from Plymouth to Boston. Thomas Horton of Merrymount was not expelled from the neighborhood of the Bay Colony because he was merry and gave liquor parties, but because he insisted upon selling guns to the Indians. The hell-fire sermon was not characteristic of the Puritan Fathers—it came along in the next century. The Puritans did not dress in black, nor habitually wear tall conical hats—they loved bright colors, and kept the five gallon headgear for Sundays. There was no dearth of artistic expression in the early Bay Colony—compare the early American rooms in our museums with the interiors or exteriors of the horrible shacks which make up the automobile towns of modern Michigan. The Puritans were not violently anti-Roman Catholic—on the contrary, they read and quoted Cardinal Bellarmine, and entertained wandering Jesuit priests at dinner. Nor were they prohibitionists. For example, read Mr. Morison's little sketch of the institution of the first Congregationalist Church at the Bay, where Delegates Governor William Bradford and Elder William Brewster of Plymouth arrived too late for the ceremonies, but in plenty of time for the drinks.

It is not solely the fault of Nathaniel Hawthorne that we think of the Puritan Fathers as glum and gloomy fellows. Cotton Mather himself, in that astonishing compilation of fact and fancy, the "Magnalia Christi," has led us to believe that they were a "praying and pious company." The fact-gathering John Palfrey and the brilliant, but superficial, John Fiske have occasionally led us astray on these points. Even the now famous "Founding of New England," by James T. Adams, made some feel that the Puritans were not exactly jolly fellows.

But if we have thought the Puritans a type, the fault is our own. The amazing variety of their interests as well as their abilities is demonstrated in the selection Mr. Morison has made of the subjects of his biographical sketches. There is John White, the promoter; John Winthrop, Sr., the administrator; Thomas Shepard, the sincerely intolerant preacher; John Eliot, the sincerely tolerant minister; Nathaniel Ward, the codifier of the law (who was also possessed of an extraordinary sense of humor); Robert Child, the patient protestant against what we of today consider New England narrowness, and John Winthrop, Jr., the organizer of industrial enterprises.

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This book can be read backward as well as forward—which may also be a tribute to its admirable balance. We have long needed a statement as to whether the people who first came to Boston were predominantly Puritan, and why they came at all. Older writers assumed they were Puritans, and that they came for religion's sake. Recent historians have denied both of these statements. We are told that not "four out of five" of the emigrants were Puritans, and that they were driven from England by the ogre of unemployment. If one has but half an hour to spend upon this book, let him turn to the brief eight page appendix, and read Mr. Morison's answer to the question, "Were the settlers of Massachusetts Bay Puritans?" They were.

Continuing backwards—it is time to stop laughing at Mistress Anne Bradstreet, who certainly did not think of herself as the "Tenth Muse, lately

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sprung up in America." We are deeply indebted to her well intentioned brother-in-law who had her verses printed without her consent—and, probably, to her horror. But it is also important to know that the "Tenth Muse" was by no means the best of what she wrote.

Biography is a pleasant way of presenting history, and the modern reader must have even his biography in tabloid doses. Not one in a hundred of even the interested modern readers would be willing to read a four hundred page book on any one of the Builders. But the alternative is not an iconoclastic and consciously amoralistic and amoristic compilation by some brilliant and superficial modern journalist. The proper way to present the Fathers is precisely the method Mr. Morison employs—short chapter biographies, written after years of painstaking research, and considered with intense sympathy. Only the man who has passed through the successive stages of scorn, boredom, and cynicism toward the Puritans, and come out with mellowness and understanding, can be entitled to claim our attention for his interpretation of these people, for whom too much has been claimed, and upon whom too much has been blamed.

The volume is written in a charming conversational style, which is disarming beyond expectation. He whose past performance has shown his capacity for using the English language with clearness, dignity, and precision, can now take the reader into his confidence and tell us that a woman passenger on the *Arbella* took so much brandy that she "passed out," or that the letter of a yeoman gives us the "low-down" on a situation, or that Massachusetts told King Charles II to "go to hell." But these occasional lapses into the vernacular are used sparingly and with infinite skill. The aristocrat in writing has that right, and of Mr. Morison's essential aristocracy there can be no doubt if one will read his dry comment that in the hardships of early Massachusetts, the rich and delicately nurtured found it easier to adapt themselves to the rigors of their situation than did the poor and more common sort of folk. Any veteran of the late war can tell you that the crack units made up of the well born endured without murmur the hard life with elicited howls and complaints from the slum dwellers.

* * *

Part of the charm of his book lies in Mr. Morison's sublime faith in the essential superiority of his own folk and of Harvard University. But no one can complain, partly because Mr. Morison is so sincerely convinced he is telling the truth, and partly because he really is telling the truth. Yet, one can imagine the chuckle which in some quarters will meet his statement that Harvard College was one of the first fruits of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, "and through Harvard, the universities of the United States." As a matter of fact, the first institution in the United States to attain the rank of university was not Harvard but one which was modelled upon the Scottish universities. Moreover, one can imagine that the California School of History may get restive at the very occasional use of the word "American" in which Mr. Morison assumes that because something happened first in Massachusetts, it was also the first time it happened in America. How about those Latin American institutions which existed decades before Massachusetts was heard of?

The answer to the foregoing is not only our customary misuse of the word "American." It may also be found in Mr. Morison's chapter on John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. It is true that the printing press of Mexico was producing books a full century before the "Bay Psalm Book" came from the Cambridge Press in Massachusetts. But a careful search of the numerous and heavy volumes of Señor José Toribio Medina, that greatest of all American bibliographers, does not reveal that Hispanic America printed a Bible, either in Spanish or in the Indian language, in the one hundred and twenty years start it had on John Eliot. Moreover, when Eliot's Indian Bible did appear, Pope Clement XI dignified it with an order to the Archbishop of Saragossa to prevent its introduction among the Indians of South America.

Whover expects to find in Puritanism an explanation either of the Eighteenth Amendment or of the American philosophy that business success was a sign of God's favor, will find little in Mr. Morison's work to substantiate these oft-repeated legends. The Puritans themselves held neither view, "social historians" to the contrary notwithstanding. If the Puritans were a hardworking crew, it was because they enjoyed hard work. If they frowned upon frivolity, it was in much the same spirit that Mr. H. G. Wells calls non-athletic games "the imbecile's substitute for research."

The defence accorded Puritan narrowness in such cases as President Dunster's resignation from Harvard is highly significant. Would a professing communist be allowed to remain President of any state university in the Mississippi Valley today? Was Puritan Massachusetts, from the standpoint of narrowness, so very different from our modern Massachusetts? Moreover, as regards the persecution and banishment of rival sects, the "Simple Cobbler of Aggawam" expressed it very well when he said that "Familists, Antinomians, Anabaptists, and Enthusiasts" "shall have free liberty to keep away from us." Whoever criticizes the Puritan Fathers for throwing out Quakers and Baptists must presume that the tiny region between the Merrimac and the Charles was all of America. It is in such points that Mr. Morison so neatly forestalls anyone who would accuse him of a provincial point of view.

While not hesitating to disagree with Mr. James Truslow Adams in certain particulars, Mr. Morison frankly admits that the "Founding of New England" is still the best general book we have of seventeenth century Massachusetts. After his comment that the first volume of Moses Coit Tyler's "History of American Literature" is still the best survey of the literature of seventeenth century New England, he inserts the eloquent parenthetical date of 1879. What an unspoken challenge to the "Outline" writers!

The Zoological God

THE NEW EVOLUTION. By AUSTIN H. CLARK. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by EDWARD H. BERRY
Johns Hopkins University

THIS book interested the reviewer more as a study in human psychology than as a contribution to evolution. It abounds in statements that to the layman will seem to be statements of fact, but which are nothing more than beliefs on the part of the author. There is a rather pedantic display of miscellaneous information about all sorts of animals that bears no more relation to the thesis than do the rather numerous and uniformly poor illustrations. As a *tour de force* of unrelated bits of natural history it is impressive, but it calls to mind the old wisecrack about "information outrunning intelligence." As I understand it science is dedicated to truth, and truth is considered to comprise facts of direct observation and the logical inferences from such facts. How then are we to classify the many statements that this, that, or the other is "practically so"? I confess to quite as grave doubts about things which are practically true as I do of the virtue of a woman who is said to be practically chaste.

The hypothesis set forth runs somewhat as follows, stated as largely as possible by quotations. It starts with three assumptions: 1) the continuity of life, 2) that all life is to be interpreted in terms of the cell, and 3) that earth conditions, so far as they affect food, have always been essentially the same as at present.

The author concludes that there was a "simultaneous development of some representative or representatives of all, or practically all, of the phyla or major groups of animals at the time of the very first appearance of life." This he terms Eogenesis. What followed is called concurrent evolution or Zoögenesis. This is conceived as having acted within each major group in the familiar evolutionary way of trial and error, the penalty for error having been extinction, *i. e.* there was a survival of the fittest.

The necessary variations which enabled this to work were furnished by mutations of great magnitude in simple and of less magnitude in complex organisms. Every organism is considered as "repressed and circumscribed by its environment" so that with changes in the environment there resulted changes in environmental pressure as it were, and these changes in "pressure" let loose the mutations.

The outstanding difference between Clark's hypothesis and those which it seeks to replace is that the former conceives the major groups to have originated simultaneously and independently and to have had an independent history, and this idea is carried to the classes. For example among the vertebrates (the mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, and fishes) their distinctive features arose at or soon after the origin of vertebrates by "selective recombinations through broad mutations in every economically possible form of features inherent in and distinctive of the phylum," whatever that may mean.

In lesser degree this same magic process was repeated in the subordinate taxonomic groups which man has invented. Thus this book considers the organic world as abounding in abrupt discontinuities of various magnitudes. There are not now nor never were any "missing links" or intermediate forms, nor are there any ancestral relationships outside or between the phyla which are recognized.

Thus the original cell when it divided as a result of growth could segregate, thus giving the Protozoa or unicellular animals. Or the daughter cells of division could maintain a somewhat loose continuity giving rise to sponges, or they could adhere together giving rise to something like a gastrula, and all of the remaining great groups sprang fully formed from the gastrula. This idea is new. It altogether ignores all previous opinion of sponge students from that of Saville Kent at the one extreme, that the sponges are colonial protozoa, to that of perhaps a majority of the older naturalists, that the sponges were true coelenterates. It ignores the resemblances between the sponges and the choanoflagellates and of the true coelenterates to the dinoflagellates. It ignores the successive appearance of organic types in the rocks, and, in my opinion, entirely distorts the significance of what we know at the present time regarding life in the Cambrian era.

* * *

Quite to the contrary of the repeated statement of the author, every paleontologist knows that it is frequently impossible to decide the exact relationship of not only many fossil animals, but even of existing ones. If the author can demonstrate the phylum to which the graptolites, archæocyathids, conularias, receptaculities, etc. belong, or that "none of the Vermiformes can be assumed to have been the ancestors of anything else," it is earnestly to be hoped that his life may be spared until he finds the time to clear up a few of these questions that have long puzzled the scientific world.

In the case of some of the earlier fossils a student as keen as Walcott could not always distinguish between trilobite, crustacean, and meristome; or between a holothurian (Echinoderma) and a coelenterate. I mention this, not as a criticism, but to show that in this, as in hundreds of instances that could be cited in the work of other students, the evidence is far from being as clear and as diagnostic as could be wished.

Even in the group in which the author poses as an authority—the echinoderms—he states that the five classes which he names "are entirely and widely distinct from each other and do not intergrade." Since he does not enumerate certain fossil groups one cannot be sure whether this is just a diaelectic statement or whether he means to include all echinoderms. In the latter case all that can be said is that it may be ultimate truth arrived at by intuition, but that it is considered false by, as far as I know, all other students of the phylum. The fact that Mortensen considers the bothriocidarids to be cystids whereas Jackson considers them to be ancestral sea urchins is proof enough, quite aside from the facts, that the taxonomic boundaries of the classes in this phylum are not as clear nor as wide as the statement quoted implies. In fact there are many naturalists who believe that these boundaries, which are made so much of in the present book, exist only on paper. Classifications of all kinds, scientific or otherwise, are human necessities, and none are more than partially objective.

Clark, however, has accepted a classification of

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animals, of which many of the toxonomic values are matters of opinion, and has projected this classification backward in time. In fact, one of the great faults of most systematic work is the tendency to emphasize differences rather than resemblances, but the whole history of zoölogical classification is sufficient proof, if proof were needed, that the results are not as clear, nor the divisions as sharp, as the author asserts.

* * *

To attempt to enumerate and controvert what the reviewer regards as incorrect would take a book in itself, but a few samples may well be given in justification of the foregoing criticism. To attribute "a knowledge of many of the laws of physics" to trap-door spiders is quite as absurd as to make the same statement about trees. Surely trees have overcome innumerable mechanical difficulties, and in a variety of ways, during their evolution, but I would hesitate to say that they had engineering skill or a knowledge of physical laws.

Chapter III entitled "Man and Apes," based apparently on John Fiske's emphasis on the evolutionary value of prolonged infancy in human history, is only five pages long, but it nevertheless manages to convey some startling assertions and pseudo-deductions, based on the fact, if it is a fact, that human babies like to hold something in their hands and have a natural preference for hard, and especially for rough, objects. This, we are told, is never the case in monkeys and proclaims the babies to be fundamentally different from monkeys. Apes and monkeys are confused, and the conclusion is reached, a conclusion that has no basis in logic—that "it is probably safe to assume that these two reactions of young babies lie at the bottom of all material human progress." One confesses to a certain dizziness after rereading this chapter.

We are told further that rocks contain all of the chemical elements of plants and animals. They do, to be sure, but surely clearness demands some mention of the nature of photosynthesis in this connection lest the reader visualize plant roots sucking up carbonates or assimilating diamonds or coal. I would disagree with the author's concept of species, and I am not at all convinced that "all animals must therefore be interpreted in terms of a single cell." Whatever the truth, this "axiom" entirely ignores a large amount of recent writing which tends to show that cell aggregates constitute systems that behave quite differently from their constituent cells. This whole group of slightly varying ideas—some philosophical, some scientific, and some merely foolish, may, for present purposes, be lumped under the term of Emergent Evolution.

The greater part of the forests of the world are not found in the North Temperate zone except on the Mercator projection, but in the Equatorial zone: Cephalopods are known from the lower Cambrian which antedates the date (Ordovician) given for their appearance by a great many millions of years. If major groups of animals are non-competitive why the dismal forebodings of entomologists regarding the fate of the human race at the hands of insects, or leaving humans out of account, why spend the taxpayers' money to support a Bureau of Entomology. The cloud blanket, dim light and uniform temperatures of Cambrian time are purely imaginary. There are no facts which establish any one of these three. The statement might have come from the pentateuchal Genesis rather than from Zoögenesis. Because a bull dog and a greyhound differ it is concluded that all races of man descended from a single ancestor which did not resemble any of his decendents.

* * *

Clark seems to have a childlike faith in the irreversibility of evolution, which principle he wrongly attributes to Osborn instead of to Dollo, and which principle has no meaning unless the greatest care is exercised in defining exactly what is meant, whether structure or function, either or neither. It is perfectly clear to the vast majority of zoölogists and anthropologists, despite the reiteration of a contrary belief by Osborn, that man's ancestors have passed through a brachiating stage.

These samples and a host of similar ones that could be given create the illusion that the author of the Alice books may have dictated "The New Evolution" from the spirit world. And as for the fundamentalist, there must be great rejoicing in his camp at the spectacle of an employee of the U. S. National Museum, apparently shoving poor old Darwin a bit deeper into the bottomless pit. To the discerning I recommend Huxley's celebrated reply to Bishop Wilberforce.

A Universe for Two

ENFANTS TERRIBLES. By JEAN COCTEAU. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

A MANTLE of fame,—or at least of notoriety,—descended early upon the shoulders of Jean Cocteau. The fairies who undoubtedly presided at his birth gave him brilliance, valuable worldly connections, great versatility, the ability to keep not merely abreast but in advance of fashion, and (better than a capacity to please) the desire to astonish and shock. It is a good many years now since he first began to be talked about, but there seems to be no end to the supply of Cocteau anecdotes, Cocteau rumors (how often he has been dying in hospitals or madhouses!), and general gossip (mostly scandalous) about the man who has been more than any one else responsible for what the really up-to-date Parisian has thought, read, seen, and said these past few seasons.

In a material way the list of his achievements is not perhaps very imposing. Others have founded night-clubs like the "Boeuf," written esoteric plays for the art theatres, like "Orphee," or solider novels like "Thomas l'Imposteur," been converted to catholic ways by Jacques Maritain, and even descended safely, as he now has, to writing curtain-raisers for the Comédie-Française and wearing the cuffs of his jackets unbuttoned and turned back. But no one has held his pose more consistently or effectively in spite of an unintermittent stream of attacks from every source throughout this time, until today his reward in the sure glory of caricature in the daily papers and on the stage has come to him. Cocteau began as the sensation of a few smart houses; today, —ultimate recompense!—his name is known even to the Proustian lavabo women of Paris who will tell without urging excellent stories of "Monsieur Jean."

Unlike most of his work, his novels have never been experimental or precious. The third of them is "Les Enfants Terribles," which Mr. Samuel Putnam has translated. A difficult book to describe, it is in sum the story of a high-strung, orphaned brother and sister, fatally attached to each other from childhood and unable to exist save in a jointly created dream world in which outsiders have no place. Their tragedy turns on the jealousy of the sister when the advent of a stranger threatens this private universe. The brother, discovering that her falsehood has cost him his happiness, attempts to escape from her dominance by suicide. Whether the book is a study of incest, or the psychology of personality, or heredity, or merely a modern fairy story with a tragic and somewhat questionable moral is a matter purposely left vague, and always subject to the reader's decision.

The art of Cocteau's method lies in this maintenance of a dream atmosphere of childhood throughout the story. A similar tale, told of more definite, adult human beings would be grotesque and unbelievable, but Elizabeth and Paul belong to a world as immaterial as their own imagined one, and consequently their history has something of the highly vivid but pathological quality of an invalid's memories. In addition, however, "Enfants Terribles" is exceedingly well written, with a graphic presentation of the psychology of a pair of nervous, solitary, over-intelligent children which can only be founded on the author's own experience. The many eccentricities, both actual and attached to him by reputation, which Cocteau will no doubt one day outgrow, have little or no part in this remarkable book. Those who have condemned him as a poseur will find pose and personality indistinguishable this time, and must recognize a Cocteau less diverting but surely better equipped for the future.

"Already," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "after less than a month's digging on the site of Camulodunum, close to modern Colchester, valuable results have been obtained, throwing light on the life of the Celtic inhabitants just before the Roman conquest. Camulodunum was the capital of Cunobelin, Shakespeare's Cymbeline, the king of a tribe called the Trinovantes, and he reigned roughly during the forty years before the arrival of the Romans in A. D. 44."

Studies in the Macabre

CHRISTINE AND OTHER STORIES. By JULIAN GREEN. Translated by Courtney Bruerton. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

"CHRISTINE" contains four stories by Julian Green, the author of "The Closed Garden" and "The Dark Journey." Two are very short, scarcely more than sketches, two are long *contes*. They show the author in a new manner, if not a new mood; they have not the tight, careful plotting of the novels, but they have the same atmosphere of oppression and terror, which is increased, in these stories, by the introduction of the supernatural.

One of the shorter stories takes place on shipboard; the other three each deal with a solitary boy, who has for a great part of the time no young companions, living in a household of unsympathetic elders. Both these settings hold great possibilities of pity and terror; the second situation, in especial, is ready to give the reader that extra turn of the screw that Henry James wrote about. And the power of the situation is increased by a multitude of details, each one with its own suggestion of brooding mystery. There is the epitaph of the aunt, in "The Pilgrim on the Earth," with its haunting verse from the Bible: "She lieth under the shady trees in the secrecy of the reed." There is the incident in "The Keys of Death" where the boy, playing on the carpet with a little cousin, shows her the little archers in the design and the pictured animals they are hunting: " 'They're not shooting at the animals,' said she . . . 'They're not looking at the animals; they're looking at us.' " It may be that these sentences, taken out of their context, will seem trivial; but no one who has read the stories will be able to recall them without the total effect of breathless anxiety that the author achieves by a cumulation of such details. There is, as there so often is in Dickens, a sense of horror out of all proportion to any tangible cause, a villain far more terrible than his actual power should make him.

This ability to evoke a dread of something a little more than earthly, while it is the greatest possible demonstration of the author's power, almost inevitably involves him in a dilemma at the conclusion. It is in any such case a matter of the utmost nicety to tell neither too much nor too little; if the dénoûement is too explicit, the wonder is gone, but if it is too vague, the reader is left wondering but disappointed. To illustrate: in "The Keys of Death" the boy has resolved to kill a member of the household; he has committed murder in his heart, and he accepts the fact; he thinks of himself as a murderer. There is no surprise, only awe, when voices speak to him, telling him how to commit his crime. He is prevented by his cousin, a girl of psychic powers, who falls inexplicably ill, has a vision of death as a gigantic archer, standing in a pine-tree and towering above it, and diverts his arrows to herself. "He has drawn death to Ferrière" she says, and he will not depart empty-handed. That the boy has indeed drawn death there one believes, but the present death of the first part, the pervasive, inescapable influence, whispering the means of murder to the soul, is far beyond a fairy tale giant in a tree. On the other hand, in "Leviathan" one is told too little; the end is a refusal to explain at all.

Perhaps to justify such an atmosphere of mystery as Mr. Green has created it is necessary to explore the byways of the mind. Certainly the story in which the conclusion is most satisfactory does so. It is "The Pilgrim on the Earth," and is the story of an abnormal mind. As in Maupassant's "Le Horla," there are two possible explanations, lunacy or the intervention of a supernatural being. But whereas in "Le Horla" the force that drove the hero to suicide was, if not an illusion, a maleficent spirit, in "The Pilgrim on the Earth" the presence that leads the hero to destruction of his possessions and to suicide is represented as benevolent. That is, "Le Horla" only puts the question, "Was the hero mad, or was he demon-ridden?" But "The Pilgrim on the Earth" asks, "Was he mad, or are all of us who cling to life mad? Was his mind diseased, or was it like the mind of God?" All the overpowering mystery which Mr. Green has at command is justified by that question.

These stories are in a sense less finished, less mathematically perfect than Mr. Green's novels, but many readers will find them more fascinating.

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Rapier Thrust

RHODODENDRON PIE. By MARGERY SHARP. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

HERE is an old story, retold so charmingly that you forget a hundred bad novels that contrasted snobbish sophisticates with heart-of-gold bourgeois, and think only of this one which is a continual delight. The Laventies lived in Sussex, on the crippled Mrs. Laventie's money, and never said, or did, or felt, the obvious or even the natural thing. They were smart and intellectual, and they knew it, and rubbed it in on the neighbors. Now a good many authors, trying to present clever disagreeable people, have managed to make them disagreeable without succeeding in making them clever. Miss Sharp does both; with admirable sureness, a lightly playing wit, and a keen preception, she shows you the merit as well as the fault in the Laventies; and the faults as well as the merits of the Gayfords who lived next door, and read Kipling, and believed in the Church and the Empire.

The Laventies made such a point of being unlike other people that when Elizabeth, the eldest child, demanded heliotropes instead of cherries in her birthday pie, she got them. Thereafter she had them on every birthday; and Dick had cowslips and Ann had rhododendrons. Ann grew up, a Laventie in all outward seeming; but gradually she faced the horried truth that she would rather have apples in her pie. She finally got them with the assistance of her mother, who broke a silence about her family's doings that had lasted for years to tell them what she thought of them. That is the only bit of preaching in the book, and there is so much truth in it that one can stand the sermon—especially as Miss Sharp, by an unexpected bit of irony in the last line of the book, manages to keep her scales evenly balanced.

This is, no doubt, a "light" novel—the kind of light novel that critics are always asking for, and to which the public is usually so indifferent when on rare occasions it actually arrives. But it is the keen lightness of a Damascus blade; read it for fun and you will find yourself digesting some uncomfortable doses of truth, whether you be sophisticate or anti-sophisticate.

Prisoners of War

CAPTURED! By FERDINAND HUSZTI HORVATH. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1930. $2.50.

THE TUNNELLERS OF HOLZMINDEN. By H. G. DURNFORD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by EMERSON TAYLOR

"CAPTURED!" is a grand tale of battle, adventure, love, hardship, impish gaiety, and passion. The author, a distinguished artist serving in the war as a subaltern officer of a famous Austro-Hungarian regiment on the Eastern front, sets down the staccato record of his campaigns and subsequent captivity in a Russia on the eve of revolution with a brightly tempered acceptance of war's conditions as he found them which is most refreshing. Too many books about the great struggle have been written by neurotics, horror-mongers, and propogandists. Here is one written by a simple soldier who fights as well as he knows how, undergoes hardships without whining, and lightens the rigors of confinement in a Russian prison camp with romantic love affairs and daring attempts at escape into neutral Sweden—all of which are deservedly crowned with success. The scenes of a soldier's life are vivid in color, rich in frank detail, unsparing in their occasional grimness, invariably picturesque. Their background is the vast and varied open warfare of the Galician and Carpathian front, or the turbulent, nightmare Russia of 1917.

Mr. Dunford's "Tunnellers of Holzminden" is a cool, detailed account of how a group of British officers, captured in battle, dug their way out of one of the best known German military prisons. The reader's interest is awakened and held by the obvious and uncolored authenticity of the narrative; his deep admiration goes out, unasked, to the captives' pluck and resourcefulness. Absorbing from cover to cover because of its vivid account of a military prisoner's daily round, the book is perhaps especially notable as reflecting the finely successful effort of British officers in durance to sustain their honor and morale intact in the face of the bitter humiliations and petty oppressions invented by a crafty and bulldozing jailer. Here is a tale of high courage, first published in 1920 when the events of Holzminden were still fresh in the author's recollection, and now enriched with some additional pages. The illustrations are most interesting.

Twenty-five Acres of Trees

(A New York Mood)

I WAS walking one hot summer day with a man prominent in the paper world, through Cathedral Woods, on Monhegan Island. We sat down on a rock . . . acres of strange happy carpeting lay all about us . . . little spruce cones and needles and moss . . . tiny islands of blue up in the sky . . . low sunshine from the west like stained glass windows on the trunks of the trees.

My friend said, "We have to cut down for every Sunday morning fifty-two times a year, twenty-five acres of trees like this, that have been growing for twenty years, to make one single issue of The New York Sunday *Times*."

I began my Sunday—my last Sunday morning in the usual orthodox way. After taking my regular setting up exercise and feeling quite trim I went to my door, braced myself, hoisted up from the floor my share of the twenty-five acres of trees. Then I came back, sat down in a chair, put it on the floor, and looked at it distantly. I began reading the headlines upside down.

"I might as well," I thought. "What is this twenty-five acres of trees getting out of it? What is it all for? What is anything for?"

The twenty-five acres of trees haunted me.

I was just having my unreasonable New York mood, of course.

Perhaps other people who read The ———— have this same New York mood too—this combination-hate-and-fascination toward machines—these vast speechless lunges at Nature—at this whole rolling planet New York makes to get what it wants.

Of course in a way we ought not to worry. The planet is going to come to after it, probably. Nature, too, is going to fix itself over afterward.

But what troubles me about our huge New York worldgrab machine is the way it is getting to be personal—the way it is getting its grip not only on Nature but on human nature—human nature right here in New York.

What our modern mass-production machine in it's great swoops of colossal innocence is doing to trees, I see it doing—doing every day, on a much more astounding scale, to people.

In the same way that the New York *Times* chews up twenty-five acres of trees into advertisements, book reviews, editorials, news from Yonkers, Hongkong, Paris, Patagonia, and Babe Ruth, miles of rows of faces of pretty flappers—our industrial machine today is largely engaged in making wood-pulp of people. Anybody who notices faces can see it.

I go out into that great swoon of light—the Great Gay Way we tragically call it. All one has to do is to look a hundredth of an inch below the surface in the people to see what the Factory Machines, the Store Machines they are being put through soul and body, do to them. I let myself down through a manhole in the street, into the subways—those great flooded sewer-pipes of people and watch them—watch miles and miles of them reading The ————, reading The ————, day after day in the subway I see it—the same feeble drool of excitement being spooned out—deliberately spooned out to the same (mile after mile) whiz of vacant faces.

I used to blame the editors. I don't now. When one thinks of it—thinks of the way millions of men and women are being mowed down, dehumanized, put soul and body through machines until at last (anybody can see how it is for himself) they are worked over into what can only be called at best some new, strange, dull, soppy pulp of humanity, one can feel as jealous and as resentful about it as one likes, but how can one blame the editors of The ————and of The ————? What is there an editor can do with people like this, when the Factory Machines and the Store Machines, our great Humanity-Reduction Plants get through woodenizing them?

Or what can an author do, or a composer or theatre do, with people like this when their time of recreation comes,—when their factories let us have what is left? One might as well publish newspapers, write literature, compose music to Upson boards.

There are some of us, of course, who like to think that we have comparatively escaped from machines and while we are chased and know we are chased by our own motor cars, hunted down by telephones, ferreted out by radios, we do manage to have somehow, enough of ourselves left over to read the New York Sunday *Times*—even the book reviews.

But even the Sunday *Times*—a beautiful spread out twenty-five acre Sabbath with the Sunday *Times*, does have after all its spiritual limitations, when one thinks of the trees that have gone into it.

On the floor by my side it is lying this minute. I am sitting and thinking on the top of my roof in New York. The Sherry-Netherland tipping itself up at the sky . . . a hundred thousand neighbors within the honk of a horn. I think what it would be like to have the presence this morning in New York (instead of twenty-five acres of Ochs) of twenty-five acres of pines—a long happy strip of woods fifty feet deep on both sides up and down Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to the Plaza—men, women, and children in their Sunday clothes flocking through them . . . all to be razed to the ground before the evening chimes in Rockfeller's church . . . swiveled up into gigantic slivers, chewed up by the Machine with that special fierce biting kind of saliva it has (which you taste for days) into a kind of wood-slush—trembled into great pans, dried off into advertisements, into cablegrams, into editorials, into eight pages of sporting news, sixteen feature articles—into all these great stretches reaching away, of prehensile chairs, soaps, pianos, vast Cotton, vast Wood and Steel and little silk worms pawing on our purses. . . . Twenty-five acres of trees that have been keeping at it all day, all night, all summer, all winter, and have taken twenty years to grow!

I go back in my mind to Cathedral Woods on The Island. I remember, as I start to take up my *Times* what the trees are like . . . so still! . . . You listen to the ocean all around you there singing softly on its shores half a mile away. Very few people, even tourists and trippers, can ever walk through Cathedral Woods without coming out changed in spirit, rested in body by it, touched by the sense of stored-up wonder, the quiet presences, the vastness, the loveliness, the loneliness, and stillness meeting there.

Going into twenty-five acres of Cathedral Woods is like getting caught in the middle of the day looking at the stars at night. George Bellows, Rockwell Kent, Robert Henri, and Eric Hudson, Frederick Waugh, Truman Fassett, Paul Dougherty, Chauncey Ryder, and Nicholas Roerich have painted the silence there. . . . I look at my Sunday *Times* on the floor by my side. I look at the trees. I keep thinking. . . . God and Mr. Ochs forgive me!

The days pass by. Civilization rolls on over us as if nothing made very much difference. Daily the thing I see the machines are doing to the trees—doing to the ground, to air, to water, to sky—sucking the ozone out of the air, emptying the fish out of the ocean, smudging the very light out of the sky, stripping off the outsides, hollowing out the insides of this frail, meager little planet,—I see them doing still more to the people on it, to people I know—to crowds of people I daily see. Their blank faces go hastening by. They seem to be walking absently, vaguely as in some kind of hurry-dream—walking hither, walking thither, walking nowhere, anywhere—and why anywhere? . . . up and down the street.

GERALD STANLEY LEE.

The "libraires" of France, who are not librarians, but booksellers, recently held their annual congress at Lyons, and among other subjects took up the important question of the price of books. Apropos of this discussion the London *Observer* says: "The French yellowback, which nowadays is hardly ever yellow, but is still in paper covers, is the cheapest book in Europe, for it is only three times its pre-war price—which even then was not expensive—and it should be five times to keep pace with the fall of the franc. The buyer gets less for his money, however, for a novel of to-day rarely runs to more than 220 pages."

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Krupp—A German Pioneer

KRUPP. Edited by WILHELM BERDROW. Translated by E. W. DICKES. New York: The Dial Press. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by G. HIRSCHFELD

A GREAT man seen through his letters over a period of more than sixty years is like a beautiful woman looking in the mirror all morning. Both may try to make faces and to pose for one or the other impression but there will always be a basic truth shining through, there will be a personality, a character, a definite aim that cannot be denied.

The "cannon king," as he was destined to become, first ventured upon the sea of adventure and untold struggle as a boy of fourteen years of age. "In pursuit of the chimera of his ambitions, Friedrich Krupp (the father) had lost everything,—fortune, health, and finally courage; an unadorned grave closed the overwhelming disillusionment of his life. Apart from the walls of the silent factory, there was only one thing which he had left to his fourteen year old eldest son, and that was a belief in the future of steel and a determination to work in the service of that belief." The boy approached the mints in various German cities and tried to sell them dies and rolls in competition with British manufacturers who then were predominant in the European market; the first chapter tells of his determined efforts during the period from 1826 to 1848 to obtain even the smallest share of business from the mints, first only helped by his mother and later by his two brothers. In spite of the most desperate struggle the results hardly kept the factory going. Financial worries (which were to accompany Krupp throughout his career) and the revolution of 1848 further undermined the strength of the young enterprise.

Germany held aloof; buried in conservatism of the most stubborn kind, industry and government alike refused to share Krupp's unshakable faith in the future of crucible steel. So he went traveling, and it was in France, in Russia, and even in Great Britain that he found the support that was denied him in his own country. Krupp "made great efforts to exploit his steel to the utmost for weapons of defence and offence, at first with next to no result"; the first trace we find in a letter of July 16, 1843 in which he offers a musket-barrel forged solid from the mildest crucible steel. The Berlin Industrial Exhibition of 1844 brought him the gold medal. But not until a score of years had passed did Krupp win the recognition of the military authorities in the fatherland, and this only after other countries had thoroughly tested and approved of the weapons turned out by him.

The second chapter (1849 to 1860) deals with the further improvement of the foreign business. All through the book there is sparse comment between letters in which the translator gives an idea of the general trend of affairs, the ebb and tide of Alfred Krupp's life work, the production of crucible steel. He acquires from his mother the sole ownership of the works. The year 1851 brings him the gold medal of the London Exhibition; the production of tires made from crucible steel for locomotives and railroad cars is taken up, and in a letter of August 3, 1854 he guarantees 150,000 kilometres "without turning the tyre on the lathe," a tremendous improvement over the then existing material.

Here, finally, begins the almost meteoric rise of the Krupp works; the world begins to know of him and his work; his unceasing efforts and constant struggles, nowhere greater than with his own government, bear fruit; his inventions are getting world-wide fame. The German-Danish and the German-Austrian war give him a fine opportunity to show the excellence of his weapons. Even before that Russia gives him a large order on heavy guns in which Krupp was particularly interested. His faith in the future of heavy artillery was more than justified in years to come. While in 1859 he was on the point of giving up gun production, tired, disillusioned, and disgusted in the face of his vain struggle with his own government, six years later he was amply rewarded with a large order consisting of the heavy armament for the new frigates of the North German Confederacy. The third chapter (1861 to 1869) also tells of his first meeting with Bismarck, of his eternal financial troubles (always looking ahead without much regard for money problems) and of his efforts to introduce a long-range field gun, again without immediate success.

The last two chapters (1870 to 1876, and 1877 to 1887) reflect the rise of the Krupp works to a practical monopoly in the manufacture of weapons. The German-French war, the industrial boom that followed its triumphant conclusion enabled Krupp to acquire coal and ore mines abroad, to enlarge considerably the number of workmen and, above all, to perfect the organization of his works so that he might step into the background. The introduction of his son into the extensive scheme of his organization, the loss of his wife, are events as gripping as the undiminished struggle for his ideas, the struggle of a man who knew nothing better than fighting. He believed he was right, and felt that to him belonged the future, even if he had to oppose the whole world.

Handwriting and Character

GRAPHOLOGY. By ROBERT SAUDEK. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK N. FREEMAN
University of Chicago

HANDWRITING may be studied in a variety of ways and for a variety of purposes. The two types of study which are most widely known are made for the purpose of reading character from handwriting or identifying the writer of disguised handwriting, whether forged or not. In addition to these well-known types of study, investigations have been made to determine how one learns to write and the efficacy of various methods of learning, to trace the growth of the child's ability to write, to ascertain the magnitude and nature of differences in ability, to learn and to discover the effect of mental or physical condition, including degeneration and disease, on handwriting.

These various types of investigation have usually been separate and distinct from one another. The attempt to read character from handwriting, in particular, is commonly looked upon by those who pursue the other types of study as being a wholly unscientific procedure, if not actual charlatanry. It is commonly classed by psychologists with astrology, phrenology, and palmistry. The few scientific studies which have been made of the pretensions of professional graphologists have, for the most part, failed to support them. Many of their interpretations seem quite fanciful and appear to be derived from a figurative way of looking at writing rather than from empirical investigation. Avarice, for example, is indicated, according to one writer, by "vertical or backhand writing, rarely forward slope; letters crowded together; final letters hardly finished; hooks at ends of strokes; punctuation carefully done." Coquetry is indicated by the "up stroke of small letter *d* ending with graceful curve to the right." Graphologists, as a whole, have neither themselves subjected their rules of interpretation to statistical verification, nor have they coöperated in the attempts of others to make a statistical study of them.

The distinctive character of Saudek's work is that he has attempted to combine the experimental or statistical point of view with that of the graphologist. He calls himself an "experimental" graphologist as distinguished from the "metaphysical" graphologists. He is apparently thoroughly acquainted with the graphologists' theories, while at the same time he has made a careful study of the experiments with handwriting movement made in the laboratories of the psychologists and the psychiatrists. In addition, he has compiled statistics and collated systematic observations himself. These observations are not presented in numerical tables so that the reader can verify the author's conclusions by referring to the original data, as in the standard scientific report; but in some cases he describes his procedure so that the reader may repeat the observation himself.

A large part of the book is devoted to an analysis of those features of writing which are due to circumstances of various kinds other than the inherent characteristics of the writer. Such circumstances are the age or maturity of the writer, the speed at which he writes, the style of writing he learned, the kind of writing instrument he uses. Saudek also discusses the signs of disguised writing. The discussion of these factors is acute and impresses one as the fruit of careful observation and considerable insight based on first-hand observation and on a study of the laboratory experiments. This is not to say that the author is always right or that he supports his conclusions by direct scientific evidence; but his method represents a striking advance on the method of the ordinary graphologist.

The last two chapters of the book contain a somewhat more conventional application of the graphological method. One consists in a discussion of the signs of honesty and dishonesty, together with a statement of the author's success in identifying dishonest persons from an analysis of their handwriting. The other is an analysis of the handwriting of several persons, some of them well known.

It can hardly be said that Saudek has succeeded in putting graphology on a scientific foundation. He has, however, made a good deal of use of the scientific method and has adopted the empirical attitude toward his subject. He has suggested connections between the mental attitudes of the writer and his handwriting, which are worthy of consideration and of further study. He has lifted graphology definitely out of that class of practices which is represented by phrenology and palmistry. He may perhaps be said to have brought graphology to the twilight zone between guess work and science. His book will be of interest to those who wish to explore this zone.

A Problem in Biography

BALZAC: THE MAN AND THE LOVER. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN
University of Chicago

THIS volume is largely a rehash of fairly well-known French sources and studies on Balzac. While it contains no novelties as regards either facts or interpretation, the book is not without merit. It is pleasantly and intelligently written. It offers to the general reader a good deal of information, some of which (e.g., M. Bouteron's discoveries about Mme. de Castries and other feminine correspondents) has not hitherto been made accessible in English. The author understands these ladies, as well as Mme. Hanska, pretty well; and the portrait of Balzac himself is usually shrewd and plausible.

A similar acumen is announced, though not always displayed, with regard to controlling various source-books, particularly the early prejudiced biographies. Yet the writer falls into the error of his class in uncritically accepting scandalous or gossiping narratives of doubtful authenticity. The most notable case is the extensive use made of "Balzac mis à nu et les dessous de la Société romantique"—the malicious account of an anonymous contemporary, recently edited by M. Charles Léger. Admitting the malice, Mr. Gribble yet sees fit to transcribe much of this material, sometimes bearing only remotely on Balzac. It does not seem necessary to go lengthily into the affairs of Delphine Gay, nor to take up (from another monograph) a chapter in debating whether Honoré's uncle was an assassin or not. Such questions as Balzac's relations with the Comtesse Guidoboni-Visconti, where specialists have hesitated to conclude, are hardly to be settled by relying on these anonymous memoirs.

The work is, then, not adequately critical towards its sources—and it uses comparatively few authorities. Scores of titles listed in Royce's "Balzac Bibliography" are untouched, although such consultations would have preserved the biographer from minor errors (about a dozen of these) and from occasional circumambient vagueness. There is no evidence that he had recourse to any documents or to the great Lovenjoul Collection at Chantilly. Mme. Karénine did both, for her monumental life of George Sand; consequently we feel, in reading that work, a security which is lacking here.

Balzac, in all his ambiguity, still "abides our question." His life has been written competently only in cross-sections and monographs. No thorough biography has as yet been undertaken. And nothing really revealing can be written without first-hand knowledge of the available facts including the originals of most letters. Lacking these, Mr. Gribble sometimes falls back on the devices of fictionized biography: "we can only guess"; So-and-So "would probably have argued"; let us "suppose" that Louise was "plain and elderly." Now "Ariel," that willing steed, may be a legitimate hybrid; but "Ariel" crossed with what is registered as genuine biography has produced many motley bastards.

It is, again, a one-sided life, not only because it overplays "Balzac the Lover," but because Balzac the novelist hardly appears at all. We find few linkings between events in his life and those in his works, although opportunities are not lacking. Little is made of such turning-points in his career as the composition of "Les Chouans" or of "Illusions Perdues." It was completing this latter novel, together with several others in 1843, that really wore Balzac out. But one gathers from Mr. Gribble that it was a combination of coffee and Mme. Hanska. At least the writer does not accept this lady on her face-value: he is aware of the danger in wholly trusting her assertions and those of her descendants.

The book also raises certain general considerations. A biographer is of course entitled to his point of departure, but is there not a twisting of the truth in this recurrent exploitation of the "love-lives" of great writers? (Had they known before they kissed, they had never loved sae blindly! . . .) It seems that Mr. Gribble himself has written a number of such volumes, concerning the gay science. Well, important as love is, it is not all-important. You would think that Balzac, Byron, Anatole France, and others had positively no inner life except as it crystalized around women. Is there no room for a truly "psychological" biography, which will deal with the development of an author's mind? Is not this the part of him that should mean most to posterity? Are the women, who helped or hindered in the process, entirely to replace the achievement itself? To that extreme one would oppose the other extreme, in Flaubert's stalwart doctrine: "L'homme, ce n'est rien; l'oeuvre, c'est tout."

That is one problem suggested by Mr. Gribble's work, whose tone and insight are, I hasten to add, excellent. In view of these qualities I prefer to submit the final problem, namely: Is this kind of second-hand popularizing, even with its virtues, worth while? Does the American reader, gentle or not, need a synthesis of current French material about Balzac's "affairs?" Or is such a compilation merely a pleasant way of marking time?

A German correspondent writes to the London *Observer* that "the reform of German spelling is a tough problem, but it is making headway, slowly but surely. It is carried on along three lines. First, there is the abolition of the Gothic letters, which are to be replaced by the Latin alphabet. Switzerland is leading in this respect, where the Latin alphabet is now taught before the Gothic in nearly all the elementary schools. Most of the periodicals and many daily papers have also adopted it, whilst in Germany only the *Berliner Tageblatt* has followed suit.

"The second line is the abolition of capital letters for substantives. It is proposed to adopt the English and French way of handling this problem, which is to use capital letters only for proper names and the first words of sentences. This reform meets with the least opposition. Many scientific books have abolished superfluous capitals of recent years.

"The third line of reform is the most radical and most vehemently disputed. Its aim is the abolition of all mute letters, especially those which indicate the length of a vowel."

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN the first week of our vacation we wish to register an encounter with Gaius Valerius Catullus. One of the books we gathered hastily together to take with us was a volume in the Loeb Classical Library, "Catullus, Tibullus, and Pervigilium Veneris." It had formerly belonged to a great contemporary poet now gone. On the flyleaf two quotations are pencilled, and we give them here as probably the two best critical comments on One Gentleman of Verona.

The flame
Which leaped within Catullus the divine
His glory and his beauty and his shame.
—Lionel Johnson.

Tell me not what too well I know
About the Bard of Sirmio,
Yes, in Thalia's son
Such stains there are as when a grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar, and runs on.
—Walter Savage Landor.

We have little Latin. But in Cornish's translation the Latin of Catullus runs parallel with the English, page by page. It amused us all one morning to endeavor to refurbish our Latin, to read it and our own tongue alternately. It was a new delight to come upon such famous opening lines as "Passer, deliciæ meæ puellæ," and "Phaselus elle quem videtis, hospites." Immortal sparrow, immortal little ship! And then, "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,"—surely one of the most deliciously spontaneous and naïve of love poems,—which, considering Celer the consul's wife—!

However, why at this late date castigate that Clodia? She roused the Roman to a singing that still holds its heart-beat. The certain syllables haunt us still, as they haunted, for instance, Aldous Huxley, when he took for title of one of the most interesting and moving poems in his volume "Leda," "Soles occidere et redire possunt"; as they haunted Edna St. Vincent Millay in her "Passer mortuus est," in which Clodia's "petulant little hand is (immortally!) an annotation." And the two lines that follow the one quoted by Huxley seem particularly to have haunted that recent American poet whose Catullus we possess. Cornish translates them, "For us, when the short light has once set, remains to be slept the sleep of one unbroken night." Beneath this is written by the owner of the book, an alternative: "For us, when our brief life dies, there is a never ending night to be slept." Whether this is that fine poet's own version or is quoted from some other translation we do not know, but in any case, with what a sure significant accent runs the original Latin, "nox est perpetua una dormienda."

The famous request for kisses follows. It is ingeniously repetitive. But we prefer the definite statement in another poem farther on, as to how many kisses Catullus desired of his "Lesbia": "quam magnus numerus Libyssæ harenæ—" or, in full, "As great as is the number of the Libyan sand that lies on silphium-bearing Cyrene, between the oracle of sultry Jove and the sacred tomb of old Battus." How specific—and yet how extremely difficult an actual estimate would have been even then!

The Bard of Sirmio is so very human even to this day, particularly when he adjures himself

tu quoque, impotens, noli,
nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive,
sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.
Vale, puella. Iam Catullus obdurat.

And again

At tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

"Obdura" indeed!

Least of all could Catullus remain resolved and firm. He was also not above being caught in the social lie. One of the most delightful of his poems is that in which he boasts to the little mistress of Varus that, in his own prætor's service, he secured, in an unpromising province, no less than eight stalwart bearers for his chair. Whereupon she slyly demands them of him, to carry her to the temple of Serapis, and he is forced to admit that his friend Cinna actually bought them; "but it is all one to me whether they are his or mine, I use them just as if I had bought them for myself." Then his resentment flashes: "but you are a stupid, tiresome thing, who will never let one be off one's guard."

The poem following this is indeed classic. It is the reproach most bitter to Lesbia. The third and fourth lines are a triumph, incidentally, of onomatopoiea, describing the waves assaulting the ultimate coast of India:

litus ut longe resonante Eoa
tunditur unda.

In fact, this poem has so taken us that we could not resist trying a metrical translation, for which we apologize but which we shall present for what it is worth. We are fully aware that it errs as to literalness:

CATULLUS—XI

Furius, Aurelius, travellers with Catullus,
Whether he attain at last remotest India
Where the shoreline shakes to the Orient billow
Thundering resounding,

Or whether to Hyrcania or suavest Arabia,
Or amidst the Sacæ and the Parthian archers,
Or where seven-branched Nile its delta is dyeing
With flooded waters,

Or whether over heights of the Alps he clamber
Seeking relics on the track of imperial Cæsar;
The Rhine of the Gauls and the far and terrible
Lair of the Britons,—

O friends who are pledged, whatever under heaven
The gods may will, to front with me these dangers,
Take first to my mistress a few words spoken,
No kindly message.

Bid her to flourish, enjoying all her lovers,
Of whom in her embrace she holds three hundred
And loves not one, but on whom she battens
In repetition,—

Nor to look for my love that she found aforetime.
It is lopped, through her fault, as a fallen flower
On the edge of the furrow where the plough in passing
Has sheared and tossed it.

The Veronese had, beside this, an excellent command of invective. It is amusing to encounter it at this distance in time. His farewell to poets is in quite a different spirit, indeed, to that in Edmund Wilson's recent book, "Poets, Farewell!" His "dearest Calvus" has brought "destruction upon him" "with all these poets." He bursts out

vos hinc interea valete abite
illus, unde malum pedem attulistis,
saecli incommoda, pessimi poetae

leaving them to hobble off on feet accursed!

He brands a fellow townsman "insulsissimus," calls him "meus stupor"; he threatens Thallus, for theft of his cloak, napkin and tablets, with a regular horse-whipping. He begins and ends XXXVI with the exclamation, "Annales Volusi, cacata charta"; but his address to a drab in XLII, who, again, seems to have stolen his tablets, is one of the most headlong. He cries out against "the abominable writings of Sestius." He is profoundly and sophisticatedly insulting to Enatius, elsewhere branded as a "son of rabbity Celtiberia," who, "because he has white teeth, is everlastingly smiling." Yet he is equally outspoken regarding public affairs. "Well agreed," he descants, "are the abominable profligates, Mamurra the effeminate, and Cæsar!" On the other hand, how beautifully he can hymn his own Sirmio, "bright eye of peninsulas and islands"; how touchingly he renders gratitude to Allius, and mourns the death of his brother.

His love's deepest bitterness cries out in

Cæli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
nunc in quadriviis et angiportis
glubit magnanimi Remi nepotes!

"Whom alone Catullus loved more than himself!" We cannot but believe it, for, as he says later,

Lesbia always speaks ill of me, and is always talking about me. May I perish if Lesbia does

(*Continued on page 69*)

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A Poet of Mexico

By CARLTON BEALS

TO Latin Americans, as to the Italians of the Risorgimento, poetry is life. It is woven into the ordinary texture of existence. The Latin American poets are statesmen, as Altamirano, Payno, Nervo. They are soldiers of liberty, as Chocano and Martí. They have the romantic universality of d'Annunzio. Their poems are turned to the rhythm of marching revolutions and are chanted by their authors at state gatherings. They inherit the epic majesty of Ruy Díaz de Bivar, the sentimental crusading spirit of Cervantes Saavedra, the satiric realism of Juan Ruiz, with which are intertwined the melancholy and imagination of the Indian, the Oriental pessimism of Nezhualcoyotl.

This heritage of the past combined with the first faint clamor of modern literary movements is well exemplified in the verse of Amado Nervo, the Mexican, the tenth anniversary of whose death occurs this year. A transition poet and a minor poet, for this very reason his strains are often more exquisite. Not of the newer Mexico of this twentieth century, rather he is the twilight expression of a world fast settling into oblivion. He is a Whittier rather than a Whitman. His strongest note is the suave mood of disillusionment, a desire for a calm not of this world, which he sought in many countries not his *patria*. He does not belong to the Mexico being hammered on the anvil, as do Maples Arce, List Arzubide, Kintaniya, and Torres Bodet. In many ways he is a creole, a colonial, not a rampaging nationalist of the revolution. Yet his poetry is imbued with an Indian-Catholicism, a flabby but lovely sentimentalism, which embraces the tragic inadequacy and impracticality of the Mexican character. Here is a pale, passing beauty that weeps for survival in a mechanistic, non-sentimental age.

Two facts of his early life infused his later poetry with poignancy and serenity: the Church and poverty. In 1884, when fourteen years of age, he was placed in the Catholic seminary of Jacona, to prepare for the priesthood. There, reading the works of the Church fathers, under the spell of dim-storied windows and fragrant incense, he became inculcated with a mysticism, a melancholy, and a reverence that later suffused itself over the pages of his poetry in rich, colorful harmony, breathing into it a sorrowful, at times too anemic, search for religious fundamentals.

His father's death four years later tore him from the seminary and welded his religious experiences with at least a few of the harsh facts of the outer world. Then began that fierce struggle for existence that in 1894 took him forever from his native mountain state of Nayarit to Mexico City on a starving quest for editorial favor.

His first book of poetry, "Perlas Negras" (Black Pearls), struck two notes that are echoed and reëchoed in his more mature poetry: self renunciation, coupled with fervent consecration, and an intellectualized pantheistic Christianity—two notes which adumbrate his Franciscan love for all the manifestations of nature. This love first flowers in his "*Las Voces*," and his finest pantheistic poem is "La Hermana Agua" (Sister Water).

His poem is divided into a series of chants by "Water" in its various physical forms: the water that runs under the earth, the water that runs over the earth, snow, ice, hail, fog, multiform water.

With advancing years, this pantheistic creed, which in "Black Pearls" is little more than a joyous perception of the good in all things, deepens into a Wordsworthian philosophical concept, which attempts to formulate a spiritual *raison d'être* for all manifestations of nature, including man.

A great but welcome break in his life came when he was sent to Paris as correspondent for *El Mundo Ilustrado*. There he lived, for the first time, a Bohemian life, and many are the anecdotes told of him: of his enthusiasm, his sincerity, of his obvious intoxicated enjoyment of all he saw and heard and experienced; of how he met Ruben Darío, the great Nicaraguan genius; Guillermo Valencia, the Colombian poet; Jean Moreas, Eduardo Talero, Oscar Wilde, and a host of *literati* and aspiring painters; of how, one night, he quarreled with Jean Moreas; how, on another night, he slapped a French count across the face for insulting Mexico, his beloved *patria*; how he roamed about Europe, but always returned to Paris, that great magnet of literary life.

His reading also broadened; he came into intimate contact with Verlaine, Hugo, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Novalis—the "Inquisitor of Mystery," he calls him—with Francis Jamme, Maeterlinck, and Samain, with the modernistic movement.

The direct literary result of this trip was that vivid book, "El Exodo y las Flores del Camino," written in beautiful verse, interspersed with short melodious prose—the first book in which he arrives at maturity.

Nervo's new creative fervor, the inspiration of foreign contacts, the joy of newly expanding life, led him to increase his literary output rapidly. During the succeeding five years—in Paris and back in Mexico City—he published, in rapid succession, "Poemas," "Otras Vidas," "Los Jardines Interiores" (Sheltered Gardens), "Místicas," "A las *Almas que Pasan*" (To Passing Souls).

In 1905, he entered the diplomatic service, and for fourteen years lived in Spain, holding his post through the suave last years of Díaz and on down through the worst years of turmoil in his own country. He never saw that turmoil, otherwise his literary career might have been decidedly different. Instead, those years of *Sturm und Drang* in his own country, saw published his masterworks, which vibrated with a deeper, sadder, more Pater-like quietness. The earlier days in the Church, rather than the violence of the revolution, asserted themselves in mysticism and longing.

It was significant, too, that he wrote the only modern biography of the great Colonial poetess, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, also a Catholic spirit, but one considerably more virile than Amado Nervo. She, too, followed through the mazes of mysticism, and the Góngora style of the period, facilitated her involuted emotional experiences. The diplomatic service was for Nervo, what the convent was for Sor Juana; both left the work-a-day world and turned to a secure isolation.

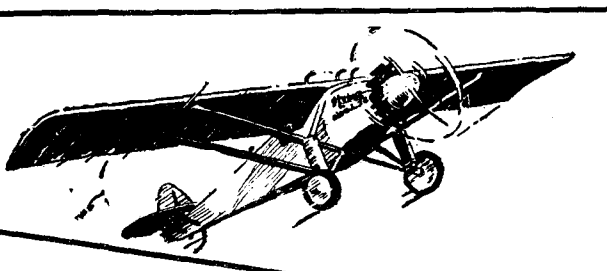
Two of Nervo's books stand out as transition works: "Místicas" and "En Voz Baja" (In Whispers). The mysticism of the first is that of the ingrained ecclesiastic. Here is the love of the cloistered pale, where man dreams under the spell of missals, liturgical chants, chasubles, and hair-cloth. He chides à Kempis, who has saddened him. His mind is illuminated with the golden reflection of the candle-laden altar. But in his "En Voz Baja" the direct ecclesiastical element is absent, hence the religious flavor which is the essence of highest poetry, is keener. "El Exodus" flamed with the color-passion of Paris; "Místicas" reverted to the ecclesiastical poems of "Black Pearls"; but in "En Voz Baja" he synthesyzes religion and life with fine esthetic enthusiasm and patient resignation.

From such stepping stones, Nervo rises to his finest achievement in his volume "Serenidad," and more especially in "Elevación," "Florilegios" (Anthology), and "El Estanque de los Lotos" (Pond of the Lotus Flowers). In these, he himself declares, he wishes for nothing, covets nothing—nothing but his dreams and his poetry.

Though a Mexican of the transition era, Nervo lived in a realm of universals. In his mysticism he has more kinship with Blake than any other English poet. Both derived their rapt mysticism from a deeply religious source; both claimed to have been inspired by spirits, Blake's poems having been dictated much as were old Caedmon's; Nervo's by his pantheistic creations. As with Blake, the mysticism of Nervo frequently disintegrates into sidereal vagueness or theosophical contemplation. Blake was more artistic in temperament. Nervo is more the philosopher. Both are individualists. Both are poets of nature.

In short, Amado Nervo is an escetic of verse, the "Monk of Poetry," the "Franciscan of the Lyricists," to repeat the verdict of his contemporaries. In relation to nature, this makes him a Christian pantheist with an evangelic love for everything in the animate and inanimate world. His pantheism, his spiritual interpretation of nature, is closely paralleled by that of Wordsworth. Nervo drank deeply of the Wordsworthian fountain.

Thus, if Nervo does not always break new trails, he modernizes and intensifies a few old beauties. He reaches out from the sentimental decadent feudal-minded Latin America, hesitatingly into the crass world of modern capitalistic intensity. He is shaken by the fresh torrents rushing between those two shores, but he never trusts himself to the current. Deep beneath his mastery of art, his fineness of execution, his unity of mystic pantheistic, platonic, and transcendental passion, he is an incongruous mixture of things modern and what in most countries have fallen in the autumn of progress.



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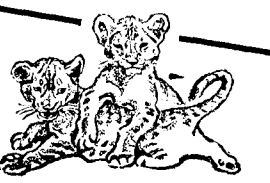

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Points of View

Chaucer Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

When I first was shown a copy of Mr. Frank Hill's version of Chaucer I felt—not

. . . like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;

but rather like the traditional mariner who comes upon clear sky and a placid sea after murky fog and rough weather.

I had struggled through Skeat's "The Student's Chaucer" with the aid of a glossary, and in so far as "The Canterbury Tales" are concerned, it can be done with a fair measure of success; but I must confess that not until I had read Mr. Hill's version of "The Book of the Duchess" were my eyes opened to the subtle charm and exquisite loveliness of that singularly moving tale.

In fact, Mr. Hill's rendition of "The Prologue" and the several "Canterbury Tales" he has selected—together with the six lyrics—is so well done, and he has so consistently followed the purpose of his translation, as set forth in his preface to the volume, that it seemed to me the book was absolutely above criticism.

And now come Mr. Donald A. Roberts and Mr. Arthur Colton stressing the futility of translating Chaucer for any purpose whatsoever. Mr. Roberts is so sure of his ground that he dismisses the possibility of a satisfactory translation as unthinkable "without even glancing at Mr. Hill's volume." We are told that it simply is not done. The authorized version is the only one to be permitted. Chaucer's Middle English must not be tampered with. It is to be considered as sacrosanct. It is final.

Well, we cannot all sit at the feet of a Professor Child or a Dr. Kittredge, and have our Chaucer administered by such able interpreters—more's the pity. And if the good poet is to be reserved for the highbrow, with the charmed circle forever closed to the man in the street, let us not forget (and I am now quoting that intrepid champion of Chaucer and all his works—Professor Thos. R. Lounsbury) "there is not a single manuscript of any of Chaucer's writings that can be looked upon as an undisputable authority on any disputed point. There is not a single one of them, no matter how great its general excellence, which does not contain readings that could plainly never have come from the poet himself. There is not a single one that does not at times make bad sense or even nonsense. There is not a single one of them in which lines do not occur so rough and inharmonious that it is simply inconceivable that, as they appear, they could have been the production of so great a master of melodious versification as was Chaucer."

Parenthetically may we not add that as regards these various manuscripts, Chaucer himself, while he lived, never set eyes on a single one of them?

RICHARD G. DEACON.
Swarthmore, Pa.

Holmes Apocrypha

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Morley recently spoke in the Bowling Green of those adventures of Sherlock Holmes which Conan Doyle so tantalizingly mentioned but never recorded. Did he ever read any of the adventures recorded not by Doyle but by others? Some years ago one of the family came home with a couple of Spanish books picked up by the way—a novel of Alarcon, and an adventure of Sherlock Holmes. This a large-sized pamphlet with a violently colored illustration on the cover. I read it and wondered what had happened to Holmes and to Doyle, or what ailed the thing or myself. Later I found that when the supply of original adventures was cut off at the source enterprising writers and publishers in certain Latin American cities started a series of their own to satisfy the demand. At least the name of the detective was the same!

MARY JOHNSTON.
Jacksonville, Ill.

Tantalus

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

One of its constant readers of the department (and of other Morley works), I take the liberty to write about the "Tantalus" mentioned in the Bowling Green of August 2.

I do not think the Tantalus is a "Decanter-Holder" but rather a certain decanter itself. Probably just a *pinch* bottle where the ex-liquor came out drop by drop. Thence the Tantalus.

We have in Denmark a similar thing, called a "Kluk-Flaske" from the *sound* of the slow flowing of the liquor. This "Kluk" of course is the same as the French "Glou-Glou." Although of course such a matter at the present time can only have a mere academic interest in this country I give you the above for what it is worth.

I find in my English "Nuttall's Standard Dictionary" under Tantalus, among other definitions: "Tantalus-Cup": "A philosophical toy which amusingly exhibits the principle of the Siphon."

Baltimore, Md.

HOLGER A. KOPPEL.

"Doctoring" Burton

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

May I put forward one or two criticisms of Mr. Arthur Colton's review of the Dell-Jordan-Smith edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" which appeared in your issue of April 26?

That edition was avowedly, and, I believe, quite obviously, prepared for the modern reader who, as Mr. Colton must know, is unfamiliar with the Latin language. It was done for the reader rather than the collector: for the layman, rather than the research scholar. Does it not seem a bit illogical, therefore, to criticize such a work on the ground that the Latin has been translated?

Moreover Mr. Colton's review somehow leaves the impression that the amount of Latin in Burton is negligible and its nature inconsequential. What are the facts? The Sixth Edition (upon which this work is based) contains 842 pages of text, closely printed, and in folio. If one adds together the Latin lines in that volume, as I have had to do, the sum will fill nearly 130 folio pages! To translate that much Latin, nowadays, requires more time than even the intelligent reader is likely to devote to such a task.

As to the nature of the Latin portions of the "Anatomy," let the reviewer turn to Burton's section on the Miseries of Scholars in the old folio where, in addition to a liberal sprinkling of classic excerpts, there are more than two solid pages of Latin devoted to scathing abuse of the educational abominations of the seventeenth century: in those pages one finds Burton at his best.

He uses Latin, now as a veil to hide his blushes, now to prevent the vulgar from overhearing academic quarrels, and again that he may borrow a stinging lash from Juvenal or Ovid. And all this was quite proper and very amusing down to the time of Sterne and Dr. Johnson: now it merely prevents the book's being read by those who might really enjoy it in modern dress.

Mr. Colton's suggestion that "the references" have been "doctored," leaves an impression that I cannot believe he intended. I suppose that he meant to say that Burton's references to page and chapter had been deleted. That is true. Those references, in the early editions, made the quaint margins. Being a collector and bibliophile I love them myself. But the modern reader flies from such a page. What is the actual loss? A reference to "Pierus: Hieroglyphica, sive sacris Aegyptiorum; lib. XIX, Cap. 10," may lend atmosphere to a page, but I question whether even Mr. Colton, without considerable research, could make anything out of it. That easy reference to Pierus drives the curious man to early biographical dictionaries where, after tedious research, he may come upon Pierus Valerianus and his forgotten folio on emblems. If Mr. Colton had examined the book carefully he would have discovered that the index gives biographical and bibliographical data concerning "nearly all of his (Burton's) late Latin authorities" that are now "forgotten by Oxford scholars." It seems obvious that the loss in quaintness is more than compensated by the gain in actual information.

Finally, if the reviewer had not been so offended by the removal of Burton's Latin, he might have gone on to discover that one of the chief features of this all-English edition is that, for the first time, it presents a text that is the result of collating the five editions of Burton's "Anatomy" that appeared prior to the author's death. Instead of attempting to interpret Burton's numerous misprints on high philological grounds, as did the late Dr. Shilleto, the editors read all the early editions, line by line, reconstructing, as nearly as they were able, the original text. Instead, then, of printing the blundering "The Pope—his parats," with a footnote suggesting that "parats is possibly derived from the Latin apparitor," the editors followed Dr. Edward Bensly's hint and turned back to the Fourth Edition where the line was printed correctly "The Pope . . . his parasites."

Perhaps this "doctoring" has "put patches on his (Burton's) worn but seemly garments, but somehow I feel sure that those who wish to *read* Burton will not object.

PAUL JORDAN-SMITH.
Los Angeles, California.

Erratum

By a regrettable accident the title of a book recently reviewed in our Foreign Literature Department was omitted. The volume which was reviewed by Benjamin M. Woodbridge was "Port-Royal de Sainte-Beuve," by Victor Giraud, in the series "Les Chefs-d'Œuvre de la Littérature Expliqués," published by the Librairie Mellottée at Paris.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CRIMINAL: HENRY TUFTS. Edited by EDMUND PEARSON. Duffield. 1930 $3.

This is the life story of a perfectly delightful scamp; thief, swindler, Indian doctor, and itinerant preacher, he seems to have been everything. Nor was the element of romance omitted. According to his own account he was a very devil among the women. No details are left out. Whatever his physical advantages may have been, the reason for his success with the fair is perfectly apparent. He enjoyed himself so thoroughly. He came and went like a comet in the humdrum colonial sky, and none could resist him.

One must be grateful to Mr. Pearson for resuscitating his book. In addition to everything else he had a grand sense of style, and he gets it all across in the liveliest fashion. His book is charged with zest and bubbling with false sentiment. Of course, we cannot be sure now how much of this is due to Tufts himself and how much to the ghost writer who compiled his narrative. One feels, however, that the worthy Tufts must have dictated it. It has all the effect of a *viva voce* story. He was the perfect braggart and there can be no doubt but that he colored his incidents without scruple. But his autobiography has the effect of truth; it convinces you for the moment; and what more can any reader ask?

Tufts was born in 1748 and began his career of peculation soon afterwards. One of the charms of his book is the offhand picture of revolutionary New England that it presents. Tufts had no idea that he was touching in local color of course. He joined the Continental army half a dozen times and generally deserted. He made common cause with the English when it suited him, and he wound up by writing a panegyric in verse to General Washington of which Mr. Pearson considerately omits seven stanzas without apology. One of Tufts most endearing qualities was his propensity for breaking into poetry on the most unsuitable occasions.

He escaped hanging by a hair's breadth, reformed more or less, and ended his book naturally, with pages of admirable advice to the young. Who was better qualified? It is a rich story, and Mr. Pearson of all men was the best one to edit it. The story of the dog stolen, restolen, and sold three times in one day is alone worth the price.

Fiction

A PRETTY PICKLE. By BELLAMY PARTRIDGE. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.

A good light novel is more precious than rubies, and rarer. Mr. Partridge's facility suggests that he might write a good light novel, but his present offering sounds like a movie scenario novelized after it was rejected in Hollywood. It deals with shy young men and avid young women, with a burglary and a pickle factory, and a Japanese butler who is always listening at doors and never does anything about it. None of the characters do anything about anything, till you have ceased to care whether they do or not. Some of the sequences—e. g., the bottle of nitroglycerine overlooked in the sweater pocket—might be effective on the screen; but as fiction there is not enough in it to be worth the time it takes to read it.

THE HEIR. By ROBERT BURLINGAME. Scribners. 1930. $2.50.

Here is a rather long novel, done in considerable detail in the old-fashioned manner, and made thoroughly satisfactory thereby. The story of a weak son, end of a virile line, would lose much of its truth and poignancy, if it were not told through a long, pathetic series of failures. The heir is scion of a wealthy house. His father has built up the business of generations of his own forefathers by tremendous energy and an interest that includes the most minute details, into one of the richest of its kind in the country—a man of overpowering personality, dominating his business associates and his home, frightening them and shaping them into his tools. He personifies his objective in his son. His son will carry on the line he is so proud of, and continue the business he has made so powerful.

It is the complete failure of the son on every point that makes the story. Every step in the tragedy is convincingly worked out—an inventive little boy whose vague wants are foreseen by a doting father, and too quickly satisfied, a sensitive artist who is forced into a business he can never grasp. The right wife might save such a youth, but even in this choice the boy is overruled by his father. He is as incapable of holding the high-spirited thoroughbred foisted upon him as he is of commanding a wholesale drug business. Throughout the story runs the young man's pathetic effort to carry on, and his clear-sighted recognition of his own utter ruin.

The business history is also painstakingly complete, the attitude of trusted old employees loyal only to their own interests in the end, being particularly realistic and unsentimental. Country club life and urban intrigue further enrich the many-figured background.

YOUTH DARES ALL. ANONYMOUS. Macaulay. 1930. $2.

Nothing is more dolorous than a satire that does not come off. On the jacket of "Youth Dares All," an eminent dignitary ascribes to it "the juiciness and the humor that came into American letters with 'Huckleberry Finn.'" A man who could see a resemblance between this book and "Huckleberry Finn" could get drunk on near-beer; the present reviewer can only salute him enviously, and regret his own insensitiveness. The story deals with a young man who has been taught that industry, aggressiveness, and the inspiration of a pure woman are the seeds of success; and who knocks about the United States trying to adjust the facts to his theories. Unfortunately, the incidents of his seven-year Odyssey are of very tepid interest, and the satire is laid on with a trowel.

Philosophy

THE CHILD'S EMOTIONS: Proceedings of the Mid West Conference on Character Development. February, 1930. The University of Chicago Press. 1930.

A symposium is an ingenious device to bring together people of congenial interests to listen to speakers with a diversified approach to a common subject. The feast of reason is rarely festal, and the flow of soul lacks the authentic note of the urge of a message, substituting for it the compliance with an invitation.

"The Child's Emotions" is a typical product of the getting-together movement in which twenty-five speakers get something off their cerebral hemispheres. Some have not taken the occasion seriously enough; others have employed it to read in public what they were still incubating in private with no arrival at a definite statement. It would be an inarticulate psychologist indeed who could not say something on infantile emotions.

However the unattending audience who would have been attracted to this stimulating occasion can listen in on the book in more critical mood than when under the sway of a voice and a gathering. From case histories to philosophical analyses the argument runs, making it plain that the child is centrally an emotional creature, and that if we can guide aright that intricate and often entangled coil of personal responses, the problem of education is solved. Workers and citizens are alike secondary to personalities. Informing is so much easier and inspiring.

Coming of age in Samoa or Chicago has a common nucleus, with the advantage not all in favor of Chicago. Midwestern sophistication suffers temporarily from directing a more powerful telescope upon the human scene than the knowledge of the observer warrants. None of which is by way of disparagement, but only of limitation. A symposium lacks orchestration; and the child's emotional life, however the theme is reduced to score, finds its symphonic unity in the hands of a single composer. That composite of modern ways known as the parent-teacher will find aid and guidance in reading judicially the wisdom of experts on the 1930 child. It is a convenient record and reference book for the thousands whose contacts with life center about the emotional problems of childhood. There are hundreds of employments and millions of employers in these disunited States; the largest number and their greatest common interest is that of handling children emotionally and leading them to ways of reason.

Travel

THE ROADS OF SPAIN. By *Charles L. Freeston.* Scribners. $3.75.

LONDON'S OLD LATIN QUARTER. By *Beresford Chancellor.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

LEGENDARY GERMANY, OBERAMMERGAU AND BAYREUTH. By *Regina Jais.* Dial. $2.50.

(Continued on page 63)

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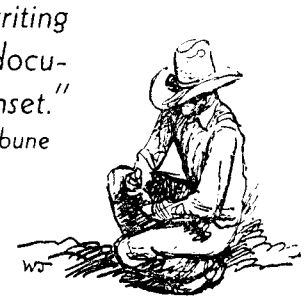

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Round about Parnassus

(*Continued from page 56*)

not love me. By what token? because it is just the same with me. I am perpetually crying out upon her, but may I perish if I do not love her;

an even shrewder observation being, when Lesbia upbraids him in the presence of her husband: "But as it is, her snarling and railing means this: she not only remembers, but—a much more serious thing—she is angry; that is, she burns, and so she talks." The tragic philosophy that sets its seal upon the whole ruinous affair is finally perfectly stated in LXXV:

To this point is my mind reduced by your fault, my Lesbia, and has so ruined itself by its own devotion, that now it can neither wish you well though you should become the best of women, nor cease to love you though you do the worst that can be done.

The homosexuality rampant in the Rome of his time is, of course, part and parcel of Catullus's verse. And yet his address to Aurelius in XV is convincing.

Commendo tibi me ac meos amores,
Aureli,

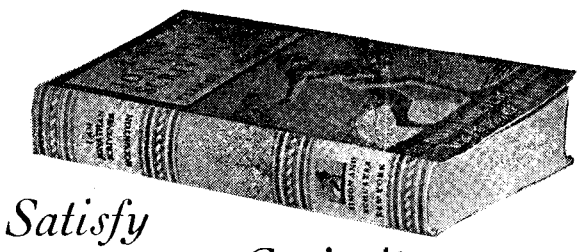
it begins, and urges protection of "my darling."

'Tis you I fear, you and your passions, so fatal to the young, both good and bad alike. . . . This one boy I would have you spare: methinks 'tis a modest request. And if infatuate frenzy drive you to the heinous crime of treason against *me,* ah! then I pity you for your sad fate.

This strange phenomenon must simply be accepted in Catullus if one would read him intelligibly. Though in a fragment he declares, "For the sacred poet ought to be chaste himself, his verses need not be so," it remains that the poet of whom we speak was afflicted profoundly by all the passions of his time. His verse, doubtless, was far more chaste, speaking in general terms, than he. Yet his public spirit again and again questions fiercely of public evil, "*cinaede Romule, haec videbis et feres!*"

Thus the complete Catullus, but though, because of his Lesbia, the poet could threaten to "scribble scorpions all over the pot-house front," we may take as his own definitive avowal the words he ascribes to Septimius, addressed to Acme. Cornish's excellent translation is nowhere more adequate than in his rendering of this beautifully hyperbolic declaration,—with the quotation of which we will take temporary leave of the immortal Veronese:

My Acme, if I do not love thee to desperation, and if I am not ready to go on loving thee continually through all my years as much and as distractedly as the most distracted of lovers, may I in Libya or sunburnt India meet a green-eyed lion alone!



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Tennyson Emergent

IF it were ever possible to estimate public opinion accurately from prices paid at auction sales for certain books and manuscripts, it might be safe just now to believe that the works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, were increasing in interest and importance. For many years, Tennyson has been under a dense cloud—he and his poetry have been associated too intimately with all the sentimentality and repression of mid-Victorianism to thrill persons brought up on virility and jazz. No one can reasonably be expected to enter sympathetically into the woes of Elaine, or the home theatricals of "The Princess": Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose outlook is scarcely joyous, unless, one considers extermination a bright, happy concept of life, is far more acceptable and far more appreciated. As Miss Dorothy Parker, a consistent modern, remarks:

Should Heaven send me any son,
I hope he's not like Tennyson:
I'd rather have him play a fiddle
Than rise, and bow, and speak an idyll.

At the Sotheby sale held the seventh of July, thirteen lots of Tennyson autograph manuscripts were sold for a total of £4975 (about $23,978). Apparently, Mr. Gabriel Wells and Messrs. Maggs who, between them, bought nine of the items, believe touchingly in the ultimate return of Her Late Majesty's Poet Laureate to general favor with collectors, even though it is still possible to find copies of most of his books except the earliest at low prices. For the autograph manuscript of about 1200 lines of "The Princess" (covering sixty pages), an early draft of the first five parts of the poem as it was published, together with early versions of the songs, Mr. Wells paid £1750, which the *London Times Literary Supplement* considers probably a record price in England for such material. In the Kern sale, twenty pages of the manuscript of "Maud" brought £9500. The autograph manuscript of "The Devil and the Lady" and other early poems, including an unpublished translation of Claudian's "Rape of Proserpine," supposed to be the single example extant of Tennyson's experiments in the metre of Alexander Pope's version of Homer, went for £600. Another £600 item was the manuscript of the final form of "Aylmer's Field" (thirty-two pages), with a few lines considerably altered. Next to these in price were the manuscripts of "The Falcon," thirty-six pages, and the "Cup," forty-nine pages, the play produced by Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at the Lyceum in 1881, both of which brought £500. An early version of "The Voyage," four pages, sold for £300; the manuscript of "A Welcome to H.R.H. Marie Alexandrovna Duchess of Edinburgh," two and a half pages, £60; the manuscript of "Vivien," six and a half pages, with some variations and a few added lines, £180; the manuscript of parts of "Gareth," on six pages, £175; the manuscript of "The Voyage of Maeldune," on eleven pages, with two unused lines in stanza 5, £190; and the manuscript of "Early Spring," an early poem, first printed in 1883, £70. G. M. T.

MR. CHARLES F. HARTMAN whose sales of Americana are familiar to everyone, has graciously sent the statistics of his work during the past season: he has held thirteen sales, each consisting of a single session, which have brought a total of $107,350.35, or an average of about $8,257 for a sale. Two important collections, one of printed Americana, and the other of American historical autographs, he has considered it best to hold over for next season when, with distressing optimism, he is convinced that prices will continue to rise as they have done in the past. From his own point of view, and from that of the consignors, such a spirit of hopefulness is splendid—any improvement in business conditions would naturally be welcome—but to the few obscure souls who feel that the majority of books are now far above their actual value, and who, therefore, have been anxious to witness the close of the Newtonian era of fashionable, unintelligent collecting, his words will be rather disquieting: he is sane enough and experienced enough to speak with an unusual amount of authority. G. M. T.

THE report of the Custodian of the Chapin Library for 1928-1929 has appeared recently, and has again shown how interesting, under certain conditions, such routine affairs can be made. There is in the usual report of a librarian nothing that could possibly attract the smallest amount of attention: various gifts, for the most part of a kind that suggests unpleasantly the absence of a local branch of the Salvation Army, are given detailed descriptions, to the satisfaction of no one; purchases seem confined to new books which are never mentioned, a multitude of photostats which are dwelt upon with loving care as if they were actually valuable, and endless series of French learned society publications and files of Italian newspapers of the Risorgimento period, while the public mind receives merely the impression that libraries are poor things, grateful for any favors. It is quite true that a library should be useful, especially if it is one of those admirable public institutions that have been designed primarily to attend to the needs of general readers who know nothing about books: many earnest, persuasive souls in our universities whose actual knowledge of books is as small would, if only they might be induced to confine their attentions more diligently to such places, find their requirements for "tools" excellently supplied there. The Chapin Library, fortunately, is a unit in itself, reflecting in an extraordinary manner the attitude of one individual of intelligence towards the mass of material that has been printed since 1475: free from the demands of faculty photostat enthusiasts, genealogists, and collectors of pamphlets, it can devote itself placidly to mediæval manuscripts, incunabula, Elizabethan translations, English elegies, Americana, and Books of Hours with a sublime sense of fulfilling its obligations to everyone. Miss Osborne in her present report lists examples of new accessions in all of these groups: they are invariably interesting, and in many instances important. "Diverse in character," she writes of the additions she has been describing with great care, "they yet have been held together by an underlying purpose; they are parts of a library, not disparate items in a collection. Judging by auction catalogues, many a collector has bought lavishly in one field and another as his attention has been thus diverted, and so has presently emerged, not with a library as he proudly terms it, but with an accumulation of items, rare no doubt, but no more expressive of any personal taste or informing method than as if he had bought outright the general stock of a shop dealing in fine books. Many pitfalls await the beginner to-day, not the least of them first edition copies in large paper, signed, numbered, all but labelled collectors' items before they leave the publishers' hands. It is a question where in these one can find any glamor or any of that inimitable pleasure that comes from long search at last rewarded. Rather does it seem an inevitable, but unhappy, phase of the traffic in books which the seasoned collector may ignore altogether, but to which in any case he is competent to assign its proper level in the scheme of collecting." (It must be confessed that a sense of pleasure is to be found in such sentences.) "While, however, many individuals are apparently unable to assemble a private library which shall figure forth anything beyond a lavish expenditure and a pathetic reliance on an appreciable advance in value of its de luxe volumes, it is a satisfaction that the Chapin Library continues, through its founder's generosity, its policy of seeking out the unusual books of to-day, the landmarks of yesterday, and the epoch-making foundation pieces of the more remote past, all of which, in harmony with each other, fall naturally into harmonious groups, forming, in other words, a true library."

G. M. T.

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The latest English author to make his appearance in the list of those whose books sell at auction for large amounts is Sir Walter Scott. On July 15th at Sotheby's a series of his first editions, in the original boards and uncut, but showing signs of age and wear—the back strips were defective, and the joints often rather worn — were bought cheerfully by the Rosenbach Company, Maggs, and Elkin Mathews at remarkable prices. "Waverley," 1814, went to Maggs for £1,020. "Guy Mannering," 1815, brought £380; "Rob Roy," 1818, £130; "Tales of My Landlord," First Series, 1816, £1,420; Second Series, 1818, £130; Third Series, 1819, £40; Fourth Series, 1832, £5; "Ivanhoe," 1820, £99; "Kenilworth," 1821, £90; "The Fortunes of Nigel," 1821, £40; "Quentin Durward," 1823, £6.10.; "Tales of the Crusaders," 1825, £45; "Woodstock," 1826, £3; "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," 1805, with autograph inscriptions of the author and William Wordsworth, £50; "Marmion," 1808, £19; and "The Lord of the Isles," 1815, £19. In the same sale, Longfellow's "Hiawatha," 1855, with a signed autograph inscription by the author pasted on the front endpaper, went for £21; Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," 1847, for £175; "The History of Sandford and Merton," 1783-1789, for £90; and Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" for £21.

G. M. T.

Printing in America

JOTHAM MEEKER, Pioneer Printer of Kansas. By DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE and ALBERT H. ALLEN. Chicago: Eyncourt Press. 1930.

THE useful series of monographs on the practice of printing in America which Mr. McMurtrie has for some years been in process of publishing, receives as its latest addition a volume on Jotham Meeker, a diligent if undistinguished worker in the vineyard. Meeker was a printer in Cincinnati when a revival service there changed his life, and sent him forth to do missionary work among the Indians, under the direction of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions at Boston. He eventually settled at the Shawnee Mission in what is now Kansas. Here, with the usual meager equipment of indifferent quality common to frontier and mission printing-offices, he proceeded to issue numerous books and pamphlets, mostly having to do with the missionary activities of his church. The translation of religious texts into Indian dialects, involving the arbitrary use of normal roman letters for unusual sounds, and the printing of these weird arrangements, is well represented in the facsimile title-pages shown in the book.

The most valuable portion of this book is perhaps the extracts from Meeker's journal, wherein he sets down with much exactness the details of his daily printing operations. There is also a bibliography, as complete as possible, of Meeker's work. The recording of these obscure beginnings of printing in various parts of the country is important, however dull the work which they record may be.

R.

Items More or Less Important

A PROVIDENCE EPISODE IN THE IRISH LITERARY RENAISSANCE. By HORACE REYNOLDS. Providence: The Study Hill Club. 1929.

THIS is the first publication of The Study Hill Club, and is a reprint in book form of articles published in the Providence *Journal* for October 3, 10, 17, and 24, 1928. It records the contributions to that newspaper, between 1885 and 1892, by the men and women of the Irish Renaissance—Yeats, Katharine Tynan, Douglas Hyde, and others—and the circumstances of their appearance. Alfred Williams, managing editor of the *Journal*, was the man who secured these exceptional contributions, his interest and imagination having been stirred when he was sent to Dublin by Horace Greeley to report the Fenian troubles. That such a considerable contribution of literary merit was made by the elder names in the Irish movement will come as a surprise to many. It is all delightfully written by Mr. Reynolds, and suitably if not brilliantly printed.

ORIGIN OF THE STRAIT OF ANIAN CONCEPT. By GEORGE E. NUNN. Philadelphia: Privately printed. 1929.

THE idea of a strait where Behring Sea is, is, it seems to me, not so much a subject of jest at the ignorance of sixteenth century geographers as a testimony to their very considerable knowledge of the earth's surface, and their ingenuity in attempting to get the whole picture puzzle put together. This small book will interest geographers. It is carefully annotated, indifferently printed, and has several reproductions of maps and globes.

STERNE'S, "A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY." London: Peter Davies. 1930. New York: Stokes. $6.

I WONDER if any book short of the Bible has ever been so variously and frequently printed as the "Sentimental Journey"? Its vitality as a publication is amazing, but the successive issues hardly justify the expense of publication. The present edition has no especial merit, though it has some illustrations by Vera Willoughby reproduced in sentimental pink ink.

R.

THE INFLUENCE OF FINE PRINTING. A Lecture by W. ARTHUR COLE. Pittsburgh: Department of Printing, Carnegie Institute of Technology. 1929.

THE Department of Printing of the Carnegie Institute of Technology (which is distinct from the Laboratory Press) has issued Mr. Cole's lecture delivered in February, 1928, in a small volume.

A sixteenth-century manuscript describing the life and the voyages of the explorer Christopher Columbus, written by Anvers Barnaldez, the priest of a village near Seville, has been discovered in a Spanish Library. It has been bought by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the American collector, and is said to be a great literary find.

The original drafts of the Augsburg Confession, in German and Latin, are among a wealth of interesting exhibits displayed this summer in the State Museum of History in Dresden, Germany, in connection with the 400th anniversary of the adoption of that famous document. There is also the protocol of the decisive session of the Augsburg Reichstag, signed by Kaiser Karl V. Other important exhibits are first editions of Luther's treatise on the Babylonian Captivity, Luther's seal ring and drinking cup and a report of the first Protestant divine service in Dresden, held on July 7, 1539.

A twelve-line letter signed by Mary Queen of Scots "your richt gud frind, Marie R.," addressed to the Earl of Leicester in 1567, was sold in England for £150. A document signed by Queen Elizabeth fetched £21.

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WE'VE sprung again. Not a leak, or from our ancestral tree, but from our ashes, we mean, for even a *Substitute Phœnician* has his reincarnations. And we're glad he has, for life is exciting. It's a mad world, my masters, and full of interesting incidents such as that Professor *Guiseppe Tshenetti* of Bolzano is reported to have squared the circle and so achieved the impossible, that "the cat birth rate (in Great Britain, at least) has suffered a serious decline," that the boys of a school in Sheffield, England, have been proclaimed too polite by their Headmaster, that a woman has been appointed to conduct the great Scala Opera House in Milan, and that another has given notice that if her third husband doesn't come up to expectations there will be a fourth, saying, "I am really nothing more than a female *Diogenes*, seeking the perfect husband." But you may wonder what all this has to do with literature? Nothing, to be sure. It's merely that we came across the information in our rambles through the English papers in search of news of books and authors. Those journals across the sea seem to be more prolific of curious items than of the sort of gossip we hoped to present to you. However, we have discovered a new enthusiasm, that of *J. C. Squire*, and *Robert Lynd*, and *Osbert Sitwell*, and others of the British critics for a book which the Viking Press is to bring out over here this fall. It's entitled "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and it's by *F. Yeats-Brown*, and according to *Douglas West* "it's extraordinarily exciting and illuminating." It's the record of the experiences of a young soldier in India who stuck pigs by day and studied Yoga by night, and carried everywhere with him a fresh heart and an open mind. We've seen advance proofs of the book, and we'd like to add our testimony to that of others as to the vivacity of the narrative and the interest of its subject matter. We found it absorbing, despite the fact that we are neither English nor sportsman or mystic. . . .

Still, we're ready to wager that no matter how successful his book may be, Mr. Yeats-Brown won't be even a good second to *Harold Bell Wright*. There's a man who knows how to write best-sellers with a vengeance! The audited records of D. Appleton & Company, his publishers, prove that an average of 737,443 copies of each of the twelve novels which preceded his recently issued "Exit" have been sold in the United States and Canada. Think of it! There are 9,849,316 persons on this American continent who have actually bought a Harold Bell Wright novel. Well, all we can say is that there's no accounting for tastes. Or is the trouble that the American public, as a public, hasn't yet developed taste? . . .

Talking of taste reminds us that there are some interesting comments on the esthetic standards of the late nineteenth century in *Esmé Wingfield Stratford's* "Those Earnest Victorians" which Morrow has just issued. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford writes of the era of the late Queen in mellow spirit, with understanding and sympathy, and with a penetration that probes beneath the smugness and self-complaisance that has blinded so many of the present generation to the solid virtues and the enlightened achievements of the Victorian Age. Here, viewed in the perspective of history, is an illuminating commentary on an epoch which, whatever its shortcomings and inadequacies, was filled with brilliant personality and far-reaching movements, but which, according to the author, headed for disaster because, instead of uprooting the old, it attempted a compromise with it. We commend the book to you as a perspicacious discussion of a fascinating era. . . .

We have received a letter from someone who addresses us as "Dear *Phœny*," and who, though she signs herself *Dido*, on her own recognizance should be denominated "Loony." However, we think her madness more likely to be assumed than actual, the escape of a high spirit who has "just tossed off a little 87,000 word scrap of paper, vulgarly known as a novel." And we do know who Mme. Duval, who "never got nowhere," is, though she challenges our ignorance to place her, and by way of hint describes her as "w. k. character in fiction, created by a girlie about ten years younger than we be, God save her soul and blast her for a best-seller and a good high kicker in ye year of grace, 1778." We've known Mme. Duval ever since we were twelve years old, when we read *Fanny Burney's* "Evelina" for the first of many times, and imbibed an affection for the book and an admiration for the author which the years have nothing shaken. Why, only this spring we tried to persuade our colleagues to read the excellent edition, amply supplied with notes, which the Oxford University Press had just brought out. Being up-to-date, they preferred detective stories. Well, so much the worse for them. . . .

Not that we don't like detective stories. We do, and we've had a good time these past hot nights being chilled to the marrow by some of the *Conan Doyle* tales we had not read for years, and which now are going into the omnibus edition of the Sherlock Holmes stories which Doubleday, Doran is to publish and the Book-of-the-Month Club send out as its September selection. There will be a royal treat—all Sherlock Holmes in two volumes. We've been reading, too, sandwiched in between these masterpieces, *R. Austin Freeman's* "Mr. Pottermack's Oversight," which Dodd, Mead thoughtfully sent in sufficiently ahead of the release date to permit of our making off with it for an evening before it had to go to a reviewer. Mr. Freeman has a formula which is always the same and which never fails of interest,—he tells you at the very outset of his story who has committed the crime that is its pivot, and then proceeds to disclose the method of its discovery. And he manages to keep you quite as much enthralled as though you had no faintest idea as to who the perpetrator of its murder was. . . .

While we're on the subject of detective stories, we might as well mention another that is to appear in the not distant future, *Octavus Roy Cohen's* "Backstage Mystery," which, in an advance copy, kept us pleasantly occupied last night. It's an ingenious story, not up to the level of Mr. Cohen's "The Crimson Alibi" (one of the best modern detective tales we know), but far ahead of his last yarn, "A May Day Mystery." We think Mr. Cohen is writing in it of Birmingham, Alabama. If he is, we wish that instead of describing traffic lights he had vented some ill-humor against the vicious system that Southern city has of ringing bells to regulate the traffic. We deem it the most evil of all methods of directing the flow of automobiles, and can never think of Birmingham or of Sheffield, Alabama, without a surge of dread because of it. . . .

But we wander from literature. Or from the makers of literature. As to the latter, *Rafael Sabatini* is to make his first visit in several years to America this fall, coming over to be present at the opening of his play, "The Tyrant," and presumably to stay till his new novel, "The King's Minion," comes from the press of Houghton Mifflin. We haven't seen the book, but we have no doubt it is good Sabatini, which means good romance. *Robert W. Chambers*, for whom American history is a mine of inexhaustible wealth, has written a novel of the War of 1812 which Appleton is to bring out in the fall. "The Rake and the Hussy" opens at the court of the English Prince Regent and makes its way over to the United States with a full complement of the beauty and bravery which a Chambers novel always insures. And *Anne Douglas Sedgwick*, like Mr. Sabatini, is to visit our shores—as the society journals would have it—after an absence of years. Houghton Mifflin will publish her new novel, "Philippa," in the fall. It is a study of what modern psychology would call a "father fixation" and of what we in our ignorance call pretty rough treatment of mother. . . .

The end of the column approaches. Well, we've been fortified against any difficulty in reaching it by the knowledge that in our file repose enough rhymes on the States to fill half a dozen columns. . . .

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquires in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

E. P. A., Havana, Cuba, asks for a diplomatic history of nineteenth century England, a reference book on military strategy, and books on Lord Palmerston.

THE "Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy," by A. W. Ward and G. P. Gooch (Macmillan), goes from 1783 to 1919; it is an authoritative work in three large volumes. Professor Gooch has written several other works that will be valuable: when I was reading "Twenty-Five Years: 1892-1916," by Earl Grey (Stokes), I forced myself to stop every time some preceding diplomatic crisis was mentioned offhand and look it up in Gooch's "History of Modern Europe, 1878-1919" (Holt), which is especially strong on foreign relations. This is a practice I recommend to other readers.

G. M. Trevelyan's "British History in the Nineteenth Century" (Longmans, Green) includes the last twenty years of the eighteenth; this is the general history of the period I would choose first; there is also "England in the Nineteenth Century," by C. W. Oman (Longmans, Green), a short work by a famous historian. "The Old Diplomacy and the New," by A. L. Kennedy (Appleton), goes from 1876 to 1922.

The latest book on military science to appear in America is "The Remaking of Modern Armies," by B. H. Liddell-Hart (Little, Brown), which appeared in 1928 and uses the experience of the Great War; not long before that came "Warfare," by O. L. Spaulding and others (Harcourt, Brace). "The Study of War for Statesmen and Citizens," by G. G. Aston (Longmans, Green), appeared in 1927; P. L. Azan's "Warfare of To-day" was published by Houghton Mifflin in 1918, and G. F. R. Henderson's "The Science of War" (Longmans, Green) in 1905.

Philip Guedalla's "Palmerston" (Putnam) is the book that brought Lord Palmerston back to us in vigorous life, times and all, and when one closes the book it is indeed with a sense that the last candle of the eighteenth century is out. We have also "The Triumph of Lord Palmerston," by B. K. Martin (Dial Press), and Sproxton's "Palmerston and the Hungarian Revolution" (Macmillan), dealing with aspects of his political career, while the Countess of Airlie has edited the letters of Lady Palmerston and others in a fascinating book called "In Whig Society" (Hodder & Stoughton) and reinforced it with "Lady Palmerston and Her Times," from the same house. I read this book in the New York Public Library, and no doubt it is in other collections.

"Can you tell me," asks B. W., Minneapolis, Minn., "whether a translation has ever been made of 'Der Grüne Heinrich,' by Gottfried Keller, or his 'Leute von Sydwyla,' or of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's 'Jürg Jenatsch'? Time and again I have recommended these masterpieces to my friends—most of whom unfortunately cannot read German—a great loss in these days of opulent fiction and criticism in Germany. I have tried to find translations but cannot. Perhaps I have not searched well enough, or perhaps, all three being almost a half-century old, such volumes have been long since out of print.

"Listening to much talk anent Thomas Mann, I have heard Goethe's name mentioned often (particularly 'Wilhelm Meister'), but never a mention of Keller or Meyer. Have they been forgotten? American publishers, Knopf at their head, have been generous and courageous in issuing translations from the German, but what of Hermann Hesse ('Steppenwolf' excepted), Rainer Maria Rilke, Stefan Georg, Ricarda Huch, Ludwig Schleich (surgeon, poet, and musician), Emil Ermatinger, Gustav Roethe, etc., etc.? Instead I see much fatty Wassermann. . . ."

SO far as I can find, all that has been translated into English from the works of Gottfried Keller is "The Fat of the Cat" (Harcourt, Brace), freely rendered—somehow rendering fat sounds too culinary, but let it go—by Louis Untermeyer. At least that is all there is in print now. "Der Grüne Heinrich," edited by Barker Farley, is published as a German text by the Oxford University Press. Of Conrad Meyer there is nothing at all in English, but several school editions of his stories are published by Heath, the American Book Company, Holt, and Ginn, one of these being "Jürg Jenatsch" (Heath). We are just getting some Ricarda Huch, whose two-volume novel on "Garibaldi and the New Italy" has been issued by Knopf as "Defeat" and "Victory," while Macaulay has given us an example of another type of her fiction in "The Deruga Trial," in which the psychological element of a crime mystery is the feature.

Rilke's "Auguste Rodin," translated by Jessie Lemont and Hans Trausil, was published by the Sunwise Turn in a limited edition in 1919. The same translators offered a selection of his poems some time before that, unless I have mixed my dates; I read several of these versions and remember them as well done. I speak with feeling, for I have tried my hand at setting Rilke's poetry into equivalent English verse, and it was no easy matter, though exciting. I have likewise tried it on Stefan Georg and Ricarda Huch's poems, which lend themselves more readily, but I do not know if anyone has collected a bookful of translations from modern German poets and had it printed.

I have just come upon a part of the story of Spiegel, Gottfried Keller's cat of Seldwylda, in a picture-book with which I have been lately blessed: "Katzen," by Pol Sackarndt (München: George Muller), an anthology of information and literary treatment of cats, illustrated with forty-five hitherto unpublished photographs of real ones of all types, including the Siamese. One who recalls with gratitude the animal photographs that made "Animals Looking at You" (Viking) stand out among the picture-books of the year, need not be told that the Germans do this sort of thing uncommonly well; if 2 Bremerton street were not provided with Mr. Mole I should be driven to get a cat at once, so compelling is the charm of these camera studies. As it is, I find by reference to photographs on pages 31-33 that Mr. Mole is a *räderkatze* or *marmorkatze*, and that this wheeled or marbled marking shows a quite separate and somewhat stylish sort of cat. Clearly Mr. Mole was a bargain at three-and-six.

THE same ship that took away last week's spirited endorsement of the Anti-Mathematics Society by a correspondent of the Guide, brought a book that has already shaken my allegiance to that organization. This is "Number," by Tobias Dantzig (Macmillan), a critical survey written "for the cultured non-mathematician." I wish I were as sure of the cultured as I am of the non-mathematician. It should give this book, therefore, a special recommendation to others in like case to admit that I began on it only because there was at the moment nothing else in print in the room, and kept on because it was too good to leave. Number is here treated as the language of science; the book deals with ideas and presupposes no more than a high school education along these lines but "a capacity for absorbing and appraising ideas," it is not written, says the author, "for those who are afflicted with an incurable horror of the symbol, nor for those who are inherently form-blind." Here is a pretty challenge: I have gone far enough into the pages to find them immensely stimulating. It will be safer for my reputation to report at this point, before I go any further, for I already feel that it will be my own fault and not that of the book, when I do drop off.

Also it was just as last week's revenge bibliography slipped into the letter-box that I recalled the most remarkable one in literature, "The Campden Wonder," the first play of John Masefield to be produced, in which a man actually has himself hanged for the murder of a man whom he knows to be alive, only that his brothers, against whom he has a grudge, may also be executed as accessories. It is based on a celebrated case in real life: nobody would dare make up anything so incredible.

The New Books

(Continued from page 59)

Murder Will Out

By ROBERT INNES CENTER

ONE of the finest detective stories published last fall was "The Roman Hat Mystery," by Ellery Queen. It is now followed by another Ellery Queen murder case, "The French Powder Mystery" (Stokes), which is even better. Mr. Queen has improved tremendously and the result is a well built and original story. In his previous book Mr. Queen endowed his detective, Ellery Queen, with many annoying habits. Most of these have been eliminated and the detective is now a more reasonable being and less conceited.

The unique setting for this murder is a large department store on Fifth Avenue with a window display of modernistic furniture. At noon, each day, a demonstrator presses a button regulating a concealed wall-bed. On the day of the murder as the bed swings out the body of a woman is revealed. Inspector Queen and his son, Ellery, arrive shortly afterwards and the corpse is identified as Mrs. French, the wife of the owner of the department store. As very little blood is found Ellery concludes that the actual murder was committed elsewhere. He goes to Mr. French's private apartment on the sixth floor, but apparently nothing has been unusually disturbed there. Finally, the clues commence to appear one after another and it is refreshing to see the manner in which Ellery Queen attacks his solution. The style of writing is far superior to the average detective story and is so sure and smooth that it leads one to believe—especially as Ellery Queen is an admitted *nom-de-plume*—that the author is well known under another name. I have tried in vain to find out the real identity of this author but the publishers guard their secret well. So there are two mysteries to be solved—place your bets!

A bright, new detective story writer is H. Ashbrook, the author of "The Murder of Cecily Thane" (Coward-McCann). Here is an author to be watched because this book is head and shoulders above the average first detective story. There are several new tricks that, to my knowledge, have never before been used and the neatest water-tight alibi I have come across in a long while. A breezy, sly, but never interfering humor pervades the whole book, enlivening the necessary dull portions with just the right touch.

Cecily Thane, a flashy, over-bejeweled woman, with a penchant for young men of the gigolo gens, is found dead in her sitting room by her husband at four o'clock in the morning. Her jewels have been torn from her throat and from her private wall safe $200,000 worth of diamonds, pearls, and emeralds have been stolen. Her former dancing partner and a lover or two complicate matters greatly. There are plenty of suspects and motives but the police almost fail until Spike Tracy, brother of the District Attorney, an intelligent but lackadaisical young man, solves the problem by rational methods.

Some technical errors appear in this story and the editing does not seem to have been done too carefully, but let me assure you that they are so inconsequential that they will not interfere with your enjoyment.

"The Piccadilly Ghost," by Erle Spencer (Macmillan), has a newspaper office as the background which is handled in an interesting and convincing manner. Stephen Mallowes, a young newspaper reporter, is sent out to cover a suicide case. An unidentified man had thrown himself off Vauxhall Bridge, his head striking a barge as he plunged into the water. All the circumstances point to suicide, but Mallowes shows initiative and discovers the identity of the dead man, a criminal who had been condemned to death for murder, reprieved, and then released. Events follow one another swiftly and the trail leads to a murder, a supposed ghost, and a gang of counterfeiters. Three murders are committed, but the author makes them all so inevitable, each one the logical outcome of the other, that there does not seem to be a superfluity of murders, as often happens in modern detective novels.

The telling of the story never becomes ponderous, even at the rather long "confession" at the end. It is always a difficult feat to hold the reader's interest during a recital of facts, most of which the reader already knows, but Mr. Spencer acquits himself admirably on this score. This is a very readable story with plenty of excitement to hold your interest throughout.

The following books are not nearly up to the high quality of the above three books. Most of them are only average and have nothing particularly new or startling to make them worth recommending. Laurence Meynell, who wrote a glorious "race, chase, and escape" story, "Bluefeather" (Appleton), tries his hand at a straight detective story, "The Mystery at Newton Ferry" (Lippincott). He starts out with a very good idea, the "planting" of a murder on an innocent man. The stories and alibis of the different witnesses seem to be genuine on the surface, but one discrepancy occurs and all the carefully planned stories fall apart. From this point on the plot becomes hackneyed and episodes take place just exactly as the reader expects them to; even the proverbial plot of nation-wide significance appears once more. "Seeds of Murder," by Van Wyck Mason (Crime Club), is a "fair-to-middlin'" story with the murderer conveniently leaving three white seeds in his wake which baffle the police but not the reader. "Murder through the Window," by Frances Everton (Morrow), is one of those leisurely, long-drawn-out tales of which the English seem to be so fond. The murder does not take place until after one hundred pages have been read. There are a few moments of excitement but, unfortunately, these do not last very long. What I believe to be the latest Edgar Wallace book (they are published so rapidly one never can be sure which is the last o "Sanders of the River" (Doubleday, Dor is a collection of adventure tales of Central Africa that are rather thin in n rial and lack the usual Wallace thrill. To Be Hanged," by Bruce Hamilton, and "Inspector Frost in the City," by H. Maynard Smith, both Crime Club, achieve a very poor average.

The British Museum authorities have arranged for an exhibition, which will be open until September, of Early English Manuscripts, in the Greville Library.

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